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BRISK breezes and shorter days can only mean one thing—it's time to turn over a new leaf and seek some amazing autumnal adventures. But even if your exploration is only on the page, *Penthouse Letters* can still help you broaden your erotic horizons!

To whet your appetite, we kick off this issue with torrid tales about worldly-wise MILFs and their handsome young conquests, and *Swinging & Swapping* lets us eavesdrop on couples who add some spice by adding extra partners!

In "Heat of the Moment," Wyatt Kopp shares his cure for the breakup blues: a hot hookup with a beautiful stranger who welcomes him to her small town with open arms—and legs, and in "Falling in Lust," Matt Richebois and his wife harvest some naughty backyard thrills.

And for those looking to take a walk on the wilder side, *Penthouse Variations* offers power plays, cross-dressing discoveries and shoe fetish fun and frolics.

Have you had a mind-blowing fling? Share your story by emailing it to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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EDITORIAL

Publisher Penthouse World Media, LLC

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio

ART

Creative Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Advertising Inquiries advertising@penthouse.com

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PRODUCTION

**Production Coordinator
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EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

28328 Witherspoon Pkwy
Valencia, CA 91355
Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

Los Angeles, CA 310-280-1900

SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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CUSTOMER SERVICE

Palm Coast Data
P.O. Box 37008
Boone, IA 50037
800-333-2802

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MIND THE GAP

She was hot. She was athletic and in great shape, but she didn't have one of those overly muscular gym rat bodies. Any straight guy would be attracted to her—and I was one of them. She also had a presence to go with all those bodily goods, a sensual vibe that turned heads. Her name was Clarice.

There was only one problem. She was the mother of one of my friends and co-workers. That put her about 20 years older than me. The gap was just so big.

Also, you don't fuck around with your friend's mom. Everybody knows that without having to know it, you know?

I had met Clarice at a softball game. I worked at an auto shop, and we played ball with some of the crews from other local businesses. Ike's mother showed

up at one of our games. I played third base, and Clarice sat in the stands right along the third base line.

She popped right out of the crowd; that's how serious her presence was. I can still remember the low-cut blouse she wore, the tight jeans and how she seemed to radiate alluring sexuality. It took me several minutes to discern she was older than me—by a wide margin. But I kept looking anyway—and nearly let a ground ball go by.

"Get your head in the game!" Ike shouted. He was playing shortstop.

Then, to my surprise, he waved at that hot woman in the stands—and she waved back!

Afterward, Ike introduced me. Up close, I could see Clarice's age more clearly, but damned if she didn't wear it well. If anything she looked seasoned,

not old. She was gorgeous!

Ike's mom shook my hand and complimented me on my performance in the game; I'd scored the go-ahead run. Even the feel of her hand in mine sent fine, fiery shivers through me. Fortunately, my buddy had walked away by then.

Clarice took a step closer to me. Her eyes had a dancing quality, and I felt them measuring me in every way. My cock started to stir. I immediately reminded myself of the unspoken rule I'd just spoken about. This was Ike's mom. Ike and I were pals.

She asked if I was single, and I replied that I was. She said, with a purr in her voice that made my pulse race, "Maybe we could go get a drink sometime?" There seemed to be all sorts of innuendo behind the remark, or maybe I

was just hearing what I wanted to hear.

I dodged the question and excused myself, but I felt her still watching me as I scurried off. I told myself she was too old for me. The gap. The gap! Too big an age gap. Messing around with her wouldn't just endanger my friendship with Ike. It seemed just plain weird all on its own.

You were supposed to fuck around with people roughly your own age. Maybe a three-year margin on either side. That way you had all the common cultural references, probably listened to the same kind of music. Clarice was literally from a whole different generation.

But goddamn she was hot!

I kept thinking about her, and she kept putting in little cameos in my life as she showed up at the garage to see Ike. But really, I thought, she was showing up there to give me a secret sexy look or two. Ike's dad was long out of the picture, so at least I wasn't hot and bothered over a married woman.

Naturally, I didn't say a word to Ike, and he seemed to have no idea that his mom had shown any interest in me. It might well have been that Ike had no clue how hot his mother was. Dudes can be blind like that.

One night, I was closing up the shop on my own. I'd been doing work on a sporty import and didn't want to stop in the middle of the job. I heard a tap at the door.

When I went to tell whoever it was that we were closed, I found Clarice standing there. She held a paper bag in her hand, and I could tell by its silhouette that a bottle was inside. She also had two wineglasses in her other hand.

Clarice said, "I thought maybe I could bring that drink to you."

Her voice had that familiar purr. She was dressed like she'd been the first time I saw her. My cock urgently uncoiled, and excitement rose through me with the speed and force of an express elevator.

We went into the office, which had a big comfy couch. She poured the wine, and we drank. But I barely tasted it. She sat close to me, and I could feel where this was going. I also felt helpless to stop it. Really, I didn't want to stop it. Ike wasn't there. Ike would never know. And

that damn gap was quickly losing its importance.

Clarice put a hand on my leg. I shifted toward her on the couch, or she moved toward me. Either way, we were pressed together. Then the wineglasses were no longer in our hands, and my arms were wrapping around her.

Our mouths came together, and her tongue went sizzling past my lips. I frenched her back. Every one of my nerve endings felt intensely alive. My work clothes were smothering my skin,

**“Everything was
the right pressure,
the right speed. It
was quite possibly
the best suck I’d
ever received.”**

and my cock was ready to tear through the fabric constraining it.

"You want to go to my place?" I asked, practically panting.

"I want you here," she said, yanking at my clothes.

I flung everything off as she did the same, and we lay down together, sinking into those plush cushions. Her skin was like satin, her body firm yet with an enticing softness. Her stiff nipples pressed against my chest. I pushed my blazingly hard cock against her tight belly.

We wriggled together. My mouth devoured hers. Her hands moved over me—no feints, no teases. She knew what she wanted and wasn't playing any games along the road to getting it. I saw right then what an advantage her age really was. She'd outgrown typical youthful coyness.

I groped her tits, and she squirmed with pleasure. I tweaked her luscious nipples, and she grabbed a handful of my ass, growling with desire. Heat covered me, and my pulse thumped. I licked her throat, kissed my way down

to those sweet tempting mounds and proceeded to suck on her tits. I swirled my tongue over her nips and even bit softly at her erect buds, triggering musical moans from her.

When I moved further down her lovely body, she understood what I had in mind and lay back, spreading her legs. Anticipation gleamed in her eyes. I licked her belly, then her thighs were over my shoulders and I was inhaling the lush aroma rising from her pussy.

She was slick and waiting. I put my tongue to her, sliding it over her outer lips. Her hips rolled on the couch. I breathed her in, and I got a better taste of her when I slipped my tongue tip inside.

Her intoxicating flavor filled my mouth, and I delved deeper to feed my cravings. I'd always liked the amazing intimacy of eating pussy, how the experience could be delicate and forceful at the same time. I had been with a woman or two who was skittish about the act, but Clarice wasn't one of those.

She moaned and seized my hair as she ground her streaming cleft against my face. I tongued her clit, bathing the swollen nub. She humped my mouth, and I felt the couch shaking beneath us as her body quaked climactically. She was feeling her orgasm all through her, I was certain.

I drank down her flowing juices, thrilled to hear her high cry of pleasure as she fully let loose. Her warm honey put a glowing ember in my stomach.

Shortly afterward, she sat up. Moving fast, she fairly shoved me onto my back and settled herself between my legs. She took my balls in her hand and dropped her mouth onto my cockhead.

Pleasure whipped through me as her tongue twirled over my knob. I gasped as her lips sealed themselves around my crown. Without a pause, the ring of her mouth plunged straight down my shaft. Again, she knew what she wanted, and at that moment, she wanted to suck my cock.

She rocked up and down, keeping up a perfect suction on my straining staff. Her tongue danced crazily. Everything was the right pressure, the right speed. It was quite possibly the best suck I'd ever received.

But she knew to pull back before I got



to the point of no return. Her head rose, and I started to sit up. But she planted a hand on my chest to keep me down, then she climbed on top of me.

I grunted with happiness as she slotted my cock into herself. Her pussy gripped me fiercely. She rode me with nimble movements. I fondled her tits some more and watched in sweet delirium as pleasure climbed through her anew. She had no inhibitions, no squeamishness when it came to her own erotic joy. She moaned, swayed and bounced merrily on my cock, taking herself again to the ultimate peak.

Her pussy tightened around me when she came. Her back arched, and she

made animalistic sounds. As her climax started to ebb, I seized the initiative. I rolled her onto her back and drove myself deep inside her.

She heaved underneath me, thrusting her tits toward the ceiling as she cried, "Yes, fuck me. Fuck me hard!"

Naturally, I obliged the lady.

I still had enough self-control to start off at a steady but not hurried tempo. I stroked and stroked. Her skin was moist, her hair in disarray. But she still looked beautiful—maybe even more so in the throes of her raw passion.

I picked up speed. Our bodies came together with louder and louder smacks. I was spearing her to her core. She felt

every inch of me, I was sure. Pleasure swarmed over her face, and it was coming to a boil in me as well.

I slammed into her, losing control and gleefully letting it go. My balls clenched, and my jizz began to shoot in thick, hot spurts. A frenzy of bliss tore through me, the intensity almost painful. It was nearly like leaving my body, except right at that instant I was more wired into my own fleshy being than ever before.

Afterward, we lay together spent. Then we made murmuring plans to see each other again, as often as possible. Of course, Ike could never know about it.

—P.D., Indianapolis, Ind.

CRAFTY GUY



Missy was a regular customer at the craft store, and since I had moved to full-time, I saw her even more than before, which proved to be a big distraction for me.

She was tall and curvy and had a penchant for snug sweaters and flared jeans. Her dark hair was always twisted up in some kind of messy topknot as if she were too damn busy with her creations to worry about things like hair. She wore very little makeup; she didn't need it. And she always smelled like peaches.

As I gawked at her, she must've assumed I was checking out her basket of fake flowers because she grinned and said, "Can you believe these are on sale? Poinsettias. Just in time for the holidays. The girls are going to love them."

"Girls?" I asked, swiping each cluster of fake blooms over the register's scanner.

"I volunteer, teaching crafts to the local Girl Scout troop," she said. "My kids are in college and way too cool for centerpieces and Christmas wreaths."

She winked at me, and my cock jerked in my jeans.

At the end of her parade of flowers was a scented candle. Peach.

"That's a little treat for me," she said, digging out her wallet. "For the long night ahead."

I cleared my throat and asked, "Big date?"

I managed to utter the words as if I hadn't fueled many late-night, jerk-off sessions by conjuring images of this hot older woman in my head.

She laughed long and loud, and her good-natured attitude made me laugh along with her.

"Oh no, honey," she said. "I have to make a sample centerpiece for the girls and then prep all this stuff for my next class."

"Ah," I replied. "So the candle is your reward."

She pushed her credit card into the reader and added, "Well, that and a bottle of red."

"Need any help? Want any company?" I blurted out. "I don't work tonight."

She studied me for a moment, and I felt my face grow hot. I was 20-something to her 40-something, and I figured she'd laugh in my face and leave. Instead, she queried, "You mean it?"

I swallowed hard and replied, "Yep."

"Hmm," she said. Then another smile lit up her face. "A handsome young man like you with no plans?"

"None whatsoever."

"Well, you've got some now. Have a pen?"

I gave her a ballpoint, shoved her receipt in her bag and waited. She grabbed a flyer off the counter, flipped it over, scribbled her address on it and then handed it to me.

"See you tonight," she said.

I watched her ass as she made her way out of the store—until a grumpy old lady cleared her throat and impatiently asked, "Can you wait on me now?"

The rest of my shift was filled with daydreams about things I hoped would happen, followed by a quick jerk-off in the men's room to clear my head.

That evening, Missy answered her door in a well-worn band tee and a pair of black leggings. The combination showed off her perfect tits and her even more perfect ass. Her hair was up in a ponytail, and she was barefoot. Flames roared in the fireplace, and some

read her signals correctly.

I tugged her ponytail gently, and she groaned into my mouth. She broke our kiss, and I thought I'd gone too far. But she simply plucked the wineglass from my hand, set it on the coffee table and led me to her bedroom.

Feeling clumsy but not caring, I tugged her tee up over her head and revealed her phenomenal breasts. They were unencumbered by a bra and even more lovely than I'd imagined. They were a handful each—no waste there—and topped with rosy nipples. I stroked one, and when she sighed, I reached up and stroked the other. I cupped her tits and

mouth down the length of my shaft. I could tell she was pushing as far as she could, striving to get her lips to the base of my cock. Her eyes watered a little as she went past her comfort point.

It was the hottest fucking thing I'd ever seen. I stayed there, briefly frozen. But I came to my senses and broke the connection. I was afraid I'd come right then and there, and our time would be over. But I held it together.

Missy pushed down her leggings and the tiny scrap of her black panties. Naked, she was spectacular.

"You're very hard, and I'm very wet," she said, stroking my dick.

I nodded because I didn't know what to say.

She climbed onto the bed and braced herself on her hands and knees. I could see the red blush of her glistening cunt.

Looking over her shoulder, she said, "Come on and fuck me. I'm dying for it."

I almost died right there. But I didn't. Instead, I got right behind her, running the head of my cock along her slippery slit. She sighed and groaned and pushed back against my pole.

I slid into her just an inch and was delirious with pleasure. Wet, tight, slick. She was everything I'd imagined and more. I pushed in slowly, but she grew impatient and lurched backward, fully impaling her pussy on my rod.

We both froze and groaned, and then we started moving together.

I grabbed the luscious flare of her hips. Holding tight, I yanked her back with my hands with each energetic thrust of my dick.

I plunged in deep, reaching the hot depths of her pussy where pleasure waited. I was doubtful I'd make the long haul that night; I was too turned on. But I was fine with that. If I had any say in the matter, our hookup would not be a one-time event. I'd love to be invited back for more crafting. And more wine. And more fucking.

Her pussy clenched around me, and I felt her using her internal muscles on purpose. Milking me. Squeezing me.

"There. Right there," she said, slamming back to take me. "That's perfect."

I held on to her hips for dear life, fucking her fast and hard—and making sure to hit the spots that did it for her. And I know I succeeded because her

"I added a third finger, stretching her and feeling the slippery channel of her pussy grip my fingers."

reality TV program played noisily in the background.

"Do you like wine? Or do you want beer instead?" She cocked her head. "Are you even old enough drink? I guess I should have asked that first."

"I am, and wine is fine," I said.

She took my coat and let her hand slide down my forearm. Goose bumps broke out along the flesh she'd stroked, and I sighed before I could catch myself.

"You always were my favorite," she said, handing me a glass.

"Favorite?"

"At the store. You're helpful and nice and funny, but never make me feel like I'm bothering you."

"You are never a bother," I assured her.

"And you're easy on the eyes, too," she flirtatiously added.

Heat flooded my cheeks, and when she stepped a hair closer, I figured I might as well take my shot. If I was wrong about her signals, it'd be best to know right away and beat a hasty retreat.

I took her soft ponytail in my hand, held it lightly, leaned in and kissed her.

When her free hand slid down the front of my jeans and cupped my already hard cock, I figured that was a clear sign I had

took turns suckling each of her nips, making her writhe with delight.

Missy wrapped her arms around me, forcing me to stand up straight, and then kissed me hard. Her curves pressed to my body, her pussy grinding against my denim-covered erection.

I started to say, "I never thought—"

But she cut off my sentence by plunging her hand past the waistband of my jeans and into my boxers. When her cool fingers curled around my cock, I stopped talking altogether.

"Me neither," she said, stroking my rod. "But here we are."

My pants felt too tight. Too cumbersome. I unbuttoned the top button, tugged and the whole line of buttons on my fly gave up the ghost.

She took the hint, pushed my jeans and boxers down, then surprised me by squatting and taking my dick in her mouth. Just the tip at first. She swirled her tongue over it before lapping at it with great care. She was making me nuts, so I took her ponytail again and gave it a sharp little tug.

Hissing softly around my cock, she looked up at me with her big blue eyes. But without missing a beat, she slid her



slick tunnel grew tighter around me. Her juices drenched my cock, and that extra slide was everything to me.

Each thrust was heaven. Every time I hit bottom, I held my breath. It was all so good. So fucking good. Too good.

She tossed back her head, and I grabbed her ponytail again. I held it and her ass and fucked her for dear life.

"I'm going to come," I said.

"Yes, come in me. Just fill me up," she moaned. "Then I'm going to make you lick me clean."

The words caused a visceral reaction in me. She was horny and dirty and gorgeous—and fuck, I was a lucky guy.

I came with a loud growl, surprising even myself at my animalistic reaction. I continued to pump into her as my cock softened and I caught my breath.

She dropped to her belly and rolled onto her back. Her nipples were like stubby pencil erasers, and she squirmed wildly on the bed like a woman possessed.

I spread her toned thighs and dove between them. I licked her pussy with an eagerness that startled even me. I could taste the salty ocean flavor of my cream on her lips. Lapping at her clit, I pushed two fingers into her pussy, which was slick with my leavings. I fucked her with my digits, sucked her clit and drew on it intensely as she bucked and sighed.

"More," she demanded.

I added a third finger, stretching her and feeling the slippery channel of her pussy grip my fingers. I hooked my digits, working her cunt as I licked her clitoris.

Her cries bounced around the

room, her back bowed, and her thighs trembled. I repeated what seemed to please her, and her hands were suddenly in my hair—stroking, tugging and twisting.

Her orgasm rolled through her like a storm, and her pussy tightened around my fingers. The wetness of her juices graced my hand, and she shivered as I continued to lick her until her shudders lessened.

Looking down at me, she asked, "Would it be a poor joke to say you're a crafty guy?"

"Yeah, but it's still funny."

I sprawled next to her on the bed. Her hand stroked my skin, and I had a feeling the night wasn't over yet. And I was right.

—T.V., Secaucus, N.J.





OH MAMA!

Whenever I hear anyone talking about holiday travel, my mind invariably goes back to my college days when I drove home for Thanksgiving after a particularly crappy semester. My girlfriend had dumped me over the summer, so I was hornier than ever going into junior year, and it was terrible timing because my coursework demanded so much focus. With so much repressed sexual energy and my attention divided, it was no surprise I'd forgotten about some routine vehicle maintenance and found myself in a bit of a jam somewhere between Chicago and Indiana.

As the check engine light flashed and my car started making weird noises, I figured I'd better get off the interstate and find a gas station. As luck would have it, miles ago I'd passed a large

travel plaza, but somehow after taking a left off the next exit, I discovered a mom-and-pop shop in the middle of nowhere. It looked like something out of a retro movie set, where you could get gas, have your oil checked and snag some good old country cooking while you waited. But in my case, I ended up with something else hot and fresh.

With my car in the hands of some friendly mechanics, I ventured over to the diner that adjoined the service station. No customers were inside, but the lights were on.

"Hello?" I called out.

"Be right there," a female voice answered from somewhere in the back.

I sat at the counter and reached for a menu. My mind was filled with thoughts of cheese fries when a set of pale pink fingernails tapped on the counter.

"Hey there. Sorry about that," the woman said.

I looked up into the face of a

centerfold—no joke. My mind went completely blank when we made eye contact.

The blonde before me was obviously older than the girls back on campus, but let me be clear. She did not appear old; it was more like she'd attained some kind of perfection most gals don't get in their 20s. She had beautiful blue eyes and golden locks that fell in loose curls around her shoulders. She wore a formfitting waitress uniform that buttoned down the front. And believe me when I say those buttons were making a Herculean effort because she was sporting D-cups at the very least.

I was dumbstruck.

"Hello? Are you all right?" she asked with amusement as she sized me up. It was almost as if she was aware of the effect her substantial charms had on my much younger and sexually frustrated self.

"I—I'm so sorry," I stammered,

completely failing to play it cool.

"That's OK, sugar."

"Sorry, it's been a terrible day so far. Um, my car's over there," I said, pointing to the garage.

"Well, don't stress. Those guys are great. You'll make it home," she assured me, obviously recognizing I was from out of town. "What can I get you?"

At that point, I noticed the name badge pinned above her right boob.

"Well, Darla, how about a burger and fries."

"Sure thing. Anything else?"

I shrugged and added, "Anything you'd recommend?"

"By the looks of things, you need a

"She demanded I shoot my load all over her huge tits. I obeyed, covering her cans with my cream."

massage or something to take the edge off."

I laughed and told her, "You aren't wrong."

"How long will your car be in the shop?"

"They said around three hours."

"Oh, so you have time to kill." Darla paused before adding, "Let's get you fed."

"My name's Dan," I offered, feeling my face flush.

"Nice to meet you, Dan. You definitely came to the right place." She gave me a little wink before disappearing into the back, and speaking of backs, the way Darla's dress hugged the contours of her ass was enough to make my dick stand at attention.

A little while later, Darla reappeared

with my food and said, "Hope you don't mind if I sit out here with you. It's been dead quiet today, and I do get so bored."

"I'd like that. Sit down. Hang out."

I tried once more to play it cool, but deep down, I know my voice reflected my puppy dog eagerness.

While I ate, I relaxed somewhat. We ended up having a long, rambling and very flirty conversation. During our chat, Darla even told me she had a daughter who was my age, who was attending college overseas and wouldn't be back for the holidays.

Man, this MILF was a total stunner. In retrospect, I think my younger self liked how she made me feel so desirable at a time when my confidence with women was at an all-time low.

"Feeling better?" she eventually asked, gesturing to my empty plate.

"Definitely an improvement."

"Any chance I can interest you in some dessert?" she added, with just enough mischief in her eyes.

"What would you recommend?"

She flashed a wolfish smile, tugged on the collar of my flannel shirt and said, "Let me show you what I have. I just need to lock up first."

"Hell yeah," I answered.

"Good. I love a man with a healthy appetite."

I felt confidence blossoming in my chest and excitement swelling down below. I boldly pulled her in for a kiss that felt nothing short of electric. Her full lips were luxurious to suck on, and she felt like pure decadence in my embrace.

Darla pulled away and hung a "be right back" sign on the front door before flicking the lock. Then she led me up the narrow staircase just off the kitchen and into a small apartment on the second floor. But I'll admit I didn't really take in the scenery because I was too preoccupied with trying to take off her uniform.

"All these damn buttons," I muttered as I fumbled with the ones at her bodacious bust.

"Good things come to those who wait," she teased.

But Darla didn't let me finish and took control of the situation. She pushed me down on the bed and straddled my thighs. Her hands ventured down my torso and stopped at my belt buckle.

"You know, Dan, I felt you undressing me with your eyes the minute you walked in."

"You got me," I said with a grin. "You're absolutely gorgeous."

Stroking the bulge hidden beneath my denim, she asked, "But could you tell how much I wanted you, too?"

"I had no idea," I confessed.

Darla unzipped my pants, reached into my boxers and grabbed my throbbing erection.

"Nice," she cooed. "It's my lucky day."

Once she stripped off my sneakers, jeans and boxers, her mouth latched onto my dick. I held her blonde hair back while she swallowed my shaft.

While Darla had me in her mouth, she opened the front of her dress and the sight of her boobs spilling out of her lacy bra fueled my arousal.

She pulled back to ask, "Want to feel your cock between these tits?"

I groaned and nodded. She shrugged off her dress and ripped off her bra, and I groaned again.

To my credit, I managed not to explode immediately when she captured my cock between her jugs. I'd never really done titty-fucking before, but as she tugged and sucked on my meat, I became instantly addicted.

Darla worked me really good. Her experience meant she knew how to keep me right on the edge, so the pleasure would last. It was all so different from the rushed drunken hookups I'd had with girls my own age.

Finally, she announced, "I think you're ready for me now."

Darla spread herself out on the bed, and I climbed on top of her. I kissed my way down her neck to her tremendous breasts. I could have spent all day sucking her tits, but I really wanted to please her. So I kept kissing lower and lower until I reached her panties. I reverentially slid off her undies to reveal her blonde muff. I dove into her pussy tongue-first and went right for her clit. I teased her entrance with my fingers, hoping my limited repertoire of tricks would be enough—and it was.

Darla moaned and wiggled against my face as she implored, "Don't stop, Dan."

With that encouragement, I jammed my fingers into her juicy box. I began rhythmically thrusting them inside her,



while continuing to tongue her clit. In no time, Darla was sinking her manicured nails into the sheets and gushing pussy juice into my mouth.

"Let's fuck," she said.

Darla climbed on top of me again and slipped my dick into her cunt. As she impaled her pussy on my rod, I enjoyed the sight of her bouncing tits. She was a wet dream come to life.

We fucked with wild abandon. She rode me like no girl my age had ever done. I'd never felt so turned on.

Darla was truly insatiable. As she

fucked me, she stroked her clit, clenched her pussy muscles tight and encouraged me to pinch her nipples. Just as I thought we were both getting close to climaxing, she had us switch positions, so I could take her from behind. In fact, for the next hour, Darla made me take her in just about every position imaginable—and I have a pretty good imagination.

Finally, when I was about to blow, she demanded I shoot my load all over her huge tits. I obeyed, covering her cans with my cream. It was awesome.

I learned an important lesson from

Darla that day. The road less traveled might throw you an unexpected curve that leads to a happy ending!

—D.W., Chicago, Ill.

If you've ever gotten lucky with a friend's mom, take our advice: Don't tell your friend—tell us! And Mom, you can tell us, too! Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department MILF, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

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SWINGING & SWAPPI

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TROPIC WONDER

Every year, my husband and I join Tanya, my best friend, and her hubby, Corey, for a vacation in a new city. Our family and straitlaced friends think it's fabulous we have such a strong bond. People even watch our pets while the four of us are away. But none of them suspect we're using the time to swap spouses!

Generally, we rent a short stay at a spacious apartment or book adjoining suites at a hotel, so everyone can move around freely. We take tours and enjoy fancy meals together, taking full advantage of our anonymity to indulge in public displays of affection with our

temporary partners in crime.

This year, we decided to indulge in a tropical adventure. Rather than contend with hordes of strangers at a resort, we booked a small, private estate featuring a team to support our needs. That freed us to satiate our most wanton desires.

The second the staff faded into the background and left us alone, Tanya and I peeled off our clothes and dashed down to the beach, positively giddy with excitement. As I pranced past my friend to splash in the surf, she hooked an arm around my naked waist and pulled me against her lithe frame.

A mischievous smile lifted Tanya's lips as she said, "Let's give the boys something to watch."

She brushed a delicate hand over my ass cheek and slipped her digits between my thighs. Her agile fingers caressed my folds, coaxing sweet, syrupy moisture from my core. When I tilted my head back with a sigh, she seized the opportunity to wind my hair around her fist, holding me steady and delivering an earth-shattering kiss.

Tanya's tongue tangled with my own as we wandered further out. Meanwhile, in the distance our husbands whooped and hollered as they enjoyed our show. The boys bounded down the beach and into the water, coming up on either side of us. We broke our kiss so our husbands could join in the fun.

Corey took me in his arms, and my

feet flailed in the warm, turquoise water.

Tanya simultaneously squealed with delight. I caught a glimpse of her glowing face just in time to see Derek, my husband, sidle up and grope her tits.

Seeing Derek explore my bestie's body only made me hornier. Finding myself inspired, I combed my fingers through Corey's thick, wavy hair and pulled him close for a kiss.

Suddenly, our lip-lock intensified, and Corey carried me back to shore in his arms. My husband and Tanya stayed put, cheering us on—even as they were getting lost in one another.

"Fuck her good," Tanya shouted.

Of course, we both knew he would. Corey is an energetic and attentive lover. Trysts with him are always transcendent, and that day would be no different.

After carrying me up the beach deck's steps, Corey deposited me on a double-wide lounge chair. Really, it was more like an outdoor bed warmed by the comforting Caribbean sun.

Once he had me on my back, Corey got busy between my legs. At the same time, I had a bird's eye view of my husband and my best friend getting busy at the shoreline. While Corey was flicking his tongue against my slit and delivering wicked clit kisses, Derek was sucking on Tanya's tits. It was a beautiful sight.

Did I mention Corey has the most luscious lips? They're soft, supple and apply just the right amount of suction. He sealed them around my sensitive bud and massaged it while tap-tap-tapping the delicate bundle of nerves with his tongue.

As Corey worked magic with his mouth, I watched Derek do the same with Tanya. He took my best friend's nipple between his lips and sucked till his cheeks grew hollow. It was a private porn performance playing out right before my very eyes. I was so engrossed watching the scene down by the water, I didn't see Corey's hands move. But he got my attention when he jammed three fingers inside my snatch.

I moaned and shouted, and my exultations of lust caught Tanya's attention. She looked up and treated me to one of her glorious megawatt grins. Derek was finger-fucking her as well. I could just make out his burly

hand tucked between her legs. He was pumping away, while she shamelessly bounced on his digit.

Even though we regularly swapped partners, our sexual tension increased tenfold when we could all watch one another. It always warmed my heart to know two of the people I love most were enjoying one another so thoroughly.

Then there was Corey. Oh, Corey. Way back when, I'd picked him out of a crowd for Tanya, intuitively sensing he would be the man to round out our group. The first time they'd fucked, she called me up afterward all excited, saying I had to take her new boytoy

“Having my best friend’s husband find me downright irresistible produced a high always worth chasing.”

for a spin. Ten years later, he was still my favorite fuck buddy—next to Derek, of course.

That day on the beach, Corey seemed intent to remind me exactly why we love swapping partners. He pulled out all the stops, massaging me from the inside out. His fingers caressed my G-spot, while his other hand snuck around to knock on my backdoor and his tongue continued to tease my clit. I wriggled excitedly, eager to welcome Corey into my butt. He slipped one digit into my rear hole, then two, and before long, I was rocketing to the moon.

"Oh, Corey! Corey," I groaned.

My hips bucked, while my body worked to absorb all the delicious passion and pleasure he'd stirred up. It was utterly intoxicating, this wild ride we were on, and I was absolutely

determined to savor every second of it.

While my body quaked from the force of my orgasm, Tanya's gaze connected with mine again. She blew me a kiss—her ultimate sign of endorsement—then she threw back her head and let out a melodic moan of her own.

Our cries mingled together, creating a chorus of pleasure that carried across the beach on a salt-kissed sea breeze.

When my body calmed, Corey rose and licked his lips. He was such a sexy sight. He wound his arms around my waist and pulled me up, so we sat facing one another for another series of wild kisses.

Finally, he backed away, and a smirk lifted the corners of his lips as he confessed, "I've been waiting for this since we booked our reservation."

The next thing I knew, I was on my back again, this time with my legs pointed toward the sky.

Corey nuzzled my neck and nibbled the delicate skin just beneath my ear.

"All I could think about is your warm, wet cunt," he said with a growl. "Tanya loves to tease me. Waiting to taste you makes her pussy even sweeter to me."

He shifted above me, causing his thick erection to smack against my belly. A drop of his pre-come transferred to my skin. A quick swivel of his hips caused it to spread across my flesh.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked.

Corey rocked his hips again, sliding his warm, velvety shaft along my belly.

"For you? Always," I replied.

Truthfully, all I wanted was to feel Corey's hard cock pistoning in and out of my pussy. So I took matters into my own hands and lifted my ass until the head of his dick nudged my pussy hole.

"Give it to me, you naughty boy," I purred. Then I lunged upward and impaled myself with one smooth motion. "Oh yeah," I sighed.

Reaching up, I embraced Corey and pulled his body hard against mine. Over his shoulder, I could see my husband was giving Tanya a good dicking as well. Her toned legs were wrapped around his hips, keeping her perfectly perched atop his dick. She bucked her body wildly as Derek held her tight. Watching them fuck sent my own libido into overdrive. I mirrored their motions, moving my hips as fast as I could.



"Oh yeah," Corey moaned. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me!"

He always did love a woman who took control. I picked up my pace, forcefully spearing my pussy with his cock again and again.

"Come on, big boy. Shoot your cream inside me. Don't be afraid to bust a nut," I teased. "I love a gusher."

I squeezed my cunt muscles around his cock, and he gritted his teeth, struggling to maintain his composure. He was rapidly becoming unhinged. Having my best friend's husband find me downright irresistible produced a high always worth chasing. Watching Corey spiral out of control increased my pleasure. My pussy rippled around his

cock, adding another layer of sensation to our feverish fucking.

With Corey roaring toward the finish line, I reached between our bodies to stroke my clit. I rested the heel of my palm on my body and used my fingers to draw small circles over my button. A few gentle strokes made my inner walls twitch. I was so close to coming again, and I knew when I did, Corey would follow close behind.

I fell over the edge right around the same time Tanya did. Her climactic cries pierced the air, blending beautifully with my own jubilant moans and the crashing of the waves. My fingers flexed against Corey's back, and the bite of my fingernails scraping his skin pushed

him over the line. The languid movement of his hips transformed into short and sharp jabs as he pumped his load into my pussy until he'd released every last drop.

He rolled onto his side and pulled me onto his chest as he promised, "I'll want more of you soon."

Of course, there would be plenty more time for us to fuck. But for the moment, I was happy to watch my husband and best friend finish each other off. Later, we would all head to the hot tub for another round of fucking, followed by an after-dinner romp in bed. It was the best vacation ever.

-A.H., Memphis, Tenn.

TALE OF THE TAIL

We didn't do it too often. Swinging was a treat. Something Sharon and I waited to savor.

Since it was a rare event, the experience was all the more sweet and exciting—which is the reason we only indulged in it from time to time.

But recently it seemed like we were on the cusp of one of those special occasions. We had met another married couple—Glen and Vicky. Our new friends were a handsome pair, very amiable and fun to be around. They also gave off a certain vibe, which is hard to describe.

There was something in their manner, in the easy way they had with each other and those around them. Vicky radiated confident sexuality, while Glen was a casual flirt. The fact that he made sly comments to other women in front of Vicky said something. That Vicky obviously didn't mind his flirting said something even more telling.

"What did you think of that guy Glen?" I asked Sharon after the first time we'd met him and his wife.

Sharon was undressing for bed. She tossed aside her top, grinned at me and ran her hands over her breasts. I watched her nipples engorge and felt my passion stirring down below. In all our years of marriage, Sharon has never failed to excite me.

"I liked him," she said, as she dropped her skirt and peeled off her panties.

I got out of my own clothes. Then I asked in a hoarse voice, "You want to fuck him?"

Sharon eyed my rising cock while she responded, "Yes. What about Vicky? Would you like to bone her?" She slipped a hand between her legs, grazing her dampening groove with knowing fingers.

"Yeah," I panted. "Right now, though, I want to fuck you."

The bliss of married life.

Vicky and Glen became part of our social orbit, and we saw them regularly.





That gave us plenty of chances to sound them out and determine if they were of our own persuasion with regard to extramarital shenanigans.

We didn't rush it. That was actually part of the fun, the slow circling, looking for clues. When I interacted with Vicky, I enjoyed her casual touches—shoulder squeezes, the soft trailing of her fingertips down my forearm. I noted the promising gleam in her eyes when she looked at me.

Sharon reported similar successes with Glen, whose flirting intensified noticeably when he was dealing with her. Soon, it would be time to put our cards on the table, to make the proposal to our new friends. Hopefully we hadn't badly misread the situation. I liked both of them and didn't want to spook them out of our lives, no matter how everything played out.

We took them out to dinner at a nice, quiet restaurant. Sharon was the one who actually put it out there, in gentle but unmistakable terms. I held my breath. That, too, was a part of the fun, that roller coaster thrill—the final moment of anticipation.

Glen and Vicky looked at each other, then across the table at us. Vicky broke into a bright smile and said, "We were hoping this was where things were going."

Glen chimed in, "We've been talking about you two for weeks."

"So," I said, as a shivery tension worked through me, "it's a yes, then?"

It was indeed a yes.

Following all of our drawn-out preliminaries, the moment suddenly felt incredibly urgent. We decided to commence with the festivities that night. Why waste any more time? We hastily got the check and scrambled out of the restaurant. I would take Vicky back to our place, and Glen would spirit Sharon off to his marital home.

At the curb, I glanced back to see Glen and Sharon pausing at the door of his car for a sloppy kiss. I saw my wife's tongue flashing against his. The vision sent tingling joy coursing through me. It was a unique kind of pleasure.

Sharon and I swung for variety, yes. It was fun—and probably healthy—to mix it up now and then, to take on a new sex partner. Certainly our personal bedroom

antics had stayed strong over the years. But it was also arousing to know your partner was fooling around at the same time you were. Another man was going to fuck my spouse. She was going to have his cock in her and probably come like gangbusters, as was her wont. And she would know all the while that I was stroking into another woman's pussy. It made for a delicious thrill.

During my car ride with Vicky, she had her hand on my leg, and it soon drifted up my thigh. I drove faster, but she was groping my crotch before we pulled into

"She writhed beneath me, describing how exciting it was to be pinned to the bed, feeling my powerful thrusts."

my driveway. My cock was throbbing, and desire made my head swim.

We went in and headed straight for the bedroom. I heard Vicky murmuring behind me. But my pulse was pounding in my eardrums, so I didn't pick up her words until we were at the foot of the bed, stripping out of our clothing.

She seemed to be recounting some kind of sexy narrative.

Vicky said, "Then he got naked, and his big cock was standing tall, and I couldn't wait to touch it, to taste it."

My cock was indeed ramrod straight, and I was ogling her gorgeous nude body, eager to kiss her, touch her tits and lick her pussy. But I paused and asked, "Uh, who're you talking to?"

She replied, "Sorry. I always tell Glen everything after I'm with another man. I try to make the stories as exciting as possible, and sometimes I talk about it while it's happening. It helps me remember the details. If it weirds you out, I'll stop."

Well, this was a phenomenon I hadn't

encountered before. But that's part of the sweet variety that comes with swinging.

I pulled her into my arms and told her, "Do whatever you'd like."

We kissed voraciously, our tongues swirling and mouths mashing together. Quickly, we got onto the bed.

Her body was soft and lush. I liked the smooth texture of her skin. My hands roamed over her figure. I squeezed one of her tits, finding the nipple stiff and ready. She groped a handful of my ass. When our kiss broke, she panted, "I grabbed his ass. It was firm, like his whole hunky body."

She was indeed narrating us. Far from weirding me out, it further turned me on. It was like she was memorializing the event as it happened, giving it a new perspective in real time.

I tweaked her elongated nipple, and she described the pleasure that went through her body. I licked her throat and moved down to suck on her tits, and she rhapsodized out loud about the wonders of my talented tongue.

I moved down between her legs, partly because I was desperate to taste her pussy—but also because I wanted to hear how she'd describe it.

"Oh, then he put his head between my thighs. I opened wide for him. I couldn't wait to feel his tongue. He—*aah!*—he licked my outer lips," she panted. "I was so wet for him. I felt his hot breath on my cunt. Then he put his tongue inside. *Ooh!* I watched while he ate me. My clit was humming, ready for him and he—"

I did indeed slaver my tongue all over her swollen clit. Her hips jerked, and she humped her pussy against my face. Her juices flowed, and she depicted her climax in a series of high, shrieking words. Eventually I sat up, panting, my chin slick with her honey.

Then Vicky said, "After I came, I wanted to suck his cock so badly."

The narration paused, naturally, as she stuffed my cock into her mouth. But as I lay back, I could almost hear the words she would recount to her husband later on. She would go into pornographic detail, telling him how she swirled her tongue over my cockhead. How she sealed her lips around me and dropped her mouth all the way down my veiny shaft. How she took my knob into her throat with enthusiasm.

This would become another cherished memory for me. I knew Sharon relished the erotic adventures she'd been on since we had gotten married. But having Vicky relate every bit of our coupling to Glen meant this delightful sex session would have a life of its own. It would endure in the minds of both Vicky and her husband.

This realization was adrift on the sea of pleasure currently engulfing me. Vicky was a skilled cocksucker. I was almost tempted to ask if I could come in her mouth, but there was more for us to do. And, frankly, I wanted to hear her describe it all.

"I had the taste of his cock in my mouth as he got ready to climb on top of me. I lay back, pulling my knees up toward my shoulders, spreading, wanting to feel him deep," she said. "He loomed over me with his eyes dancing. I—ooh!—gasped as he put his cock into me. The pleasure

was intense as he gave me that first long stroke. He drove all the way in. I felt him bottoming me out. His firm body pressed down on mine. He went at me with a slow, steady rhythm. His—fuck!—his cock was so big."

The flattery didn't hurt. I felt like a porn star as I boned her. Her wet pussy grasped me lusciously. I picked up speed, watching pleasure swarm over her body—even as she continued to spew her lovely, nasty words.

Suddenly, her snatch tightened around me, and her whole body shuddered in blissful release. In the immediate afterglow, I took the opportunity to flip her onto her belly. I drove into her from behind, and to hear her tell it, it was a sweet variation on a wonderful theme.

She had her head turned to the side, so the pillow wouldn't muffle her discourse. I was soon fucking her even faster. Ecstasy had a real hold of me.

She writhed beneath me, describing how exciting it was to be pinned to the bed, feeling my powerful thrusts.

"Then it happened again, another wild climax building, building—Ah, fuck! Glen, he took me over the top," she said on a sigh. "I wanted him to come. I wanted to feel him shoot. I wanted, wanted—to have him pull out and spray his jizz all over my ass and up my back!"

I knew a request when I heard it. I was right on the brink. I delivered two more pounding strokes into her, then I reared up, and my cream went spewing. My white stripes were laid hot across the twin mounds of her lush ass. I spunked up her back, leaving gooey splatters everywhere.

She narrated each jet. I hoped Glen would enjoy hearing the tale as much as I had helping create it!

—I.W., via email





MAN SWAP

Todd surprised me by saying, “Well, he sure is a good-looking hunk of man-meat.”

I looked up from my phone to see who he was talking about. He had that tone. That certain playful tone hinting things might work in my favor.

He was nodding in the direction of a tall, strapping guy who had shoulder-length dirty-blond hair and the broadest shoulders I’d ever seen. He looked well put together without appearing to be someone who lived in the gym. Blessed, my grandmother would have said. And, oh my, was he.

“I agree,” I said, feeling a familiar quickening in my lower gut—and between my thighs.

“He’s the kind of guy I’d love to get a report on,” Todd said, squeezing my knee beneath the table. He slid his hand higher, and excitement unfurled in me.

I decided to sweeten the pot, so I added, “For that kind of guy, I’d go one step further and invite you to watch me screw him.”

He gave my mound a quick smack through my jeans, happily startling me, and then he stood. The hotel was busy due to the convention we were attending. He made his way through the crowd, and I watched him approach the man.

I sat there trying hard to look hot and unassuming, which is more difficult than you’d think.

Todd shook hands with the stranger. My husband pointed at me, and the man smiled. Then they shook hands again. Seconds later, Todd was headed my way, and I was trying to breathe.

“His name is Lance, and he’s meeting us for drinks after dinner,” Todd informed me.

“Lance,” I repeated. “My how fitting.”

“Right?”

Dinner was a long way off. We went about our day, mingling and mixing at the various convention conferences and trying very hard to stay distracted. As they say, the waiting is the hardest part.

Drinks went well, and as we enjoyed our second round of beverages, there was a lot of touching. Lance brushed my shoulder;

I caressed his knee. Todd sporadically ran his hand down my back, resting just above my ass. I felt a warm glow inside me from my wine, the company and—most of all—the anticipation.

“I think we should move this party upstairs,” Todd said.

I nodded, and Lance followed us to the elevator like a dutiful puppy.

Once inside the room, our guest asked, “So, how does this work? Who does what?”

His cheeks were flushed, and I noticed his cock was already hard. Adorable.

“Well, I sit here,” Todd said, settling in a cushy chair by the side of the bed.

“And you and I have fun,” I said, reaching up to unbutton Lance’s shirt.

He let me undress him. I traced my fingers along his warm skin. He was thickly muscled but not overblown. I bent to bite his nipple gently, and he jumped.

“Easy, boy,” I told Lance. “We’re just getting to the good part.”

I pulled down his boxer briefs, and his hard cock sprang free. His excitement made me excited. I grabbed his thick shaft and gave him a few pumps for fun. His groans of pleasure filled my ears.

My eyes darted to Todd, who was smiling lasciviously. His erection tented his pants, but he kept his hands on the arms of the chair.

Later, he’d take me hard to remind me who I really belonged to. My pussy clenched eagerly at the thought of it. But for the moment, he and I were willing to swap him out for a piece of strange.

I pushed Lance back onto the bouncy hotel mattress. I made sure to position myself, so my husband would have a clear view of all the festivities. The next time he had a special date, maybe I’d watch him.

All that ran through my head as I plunged my mouth onto Lance’s erection. I tried to brush my lips against the root of his cock. But his shaft was so long I hit my limit. My eyes watered, and my heart thundered. He groaned and put a hand on the back of my head. I sucked him off leisurely. I wasn’t going to let him come just yet. Where would be the fun in that?

I cupped his balls and squeezed them gently, then I tickled them with my fingers, making him wriggle. Tonguing the tip of his cock, I hummed softly, happy with my work. The vibration must have done something for him because he gasped and groaned.

I heard Todd chuckle softly from the chair. He was definitely enjoying the show.

I brought Lance right to the edge, and then I looked him in the eye and said, "Now me."

He nodded, obviously eager for our next step.

I moved up his body, dropping lusty kisses and occasional sharp nips with my teeth. I finally got up above his shoulders and straddled his handsome face. I held the top of the hotel headboard and lowered myself so his tongue could reach me.

He didn't dally. His hands reached up and cupped my ass. He craned his neck to get to me. His tongue was whirling and lapping as it swept over my swollen clit. I sighed blissfully.

"There, right there," I sighed. "That's the spot."

He stayed there like a good boy, licking and tracing my nub with the tip of his tongue. His fingers bit into my ass as he nudged my clitoris roughly. I worked my hips, feverishly grinding against his talented mouth.

When I came, I cried out to the ceiling. It was so fucking good.

Not long afterward, I was laughing gleefully as I moved off him. I kissed his honey-slick lips.

"That was good. You did a magnificent job," I assured him. "Now, are you ready to feel my pussy wrapped around your big cock?"

"Hell yeah!"

I patted his cheek and then moved myself onto his lap. I teased my still thumping clit with the crown of his dick. He moaned, and I pushed my cunt onto his rod. I took my time, feeling him stretch me with every inch I sank down.

When he was fully inside me, I had to catch my breath. I heard Todd trying to do the same.

I leaned forward enough to feel my clit grinding against his pelvis. Then I rocked my hips from side to side, feeling his dick jerk inside me.

Leaning forward even more, I put my hands on his shoulders. I rolled my hips, letting pleasure flow through me. I heard a grunt from Todd and turned to look at him over my shoulder. He winked at me, and my pussy clenched around Lance's cock. My new lover reached around and smacked me on the ass. I was so wrapped up in the surprise and the pleasure of it all.

"Again," I demanded. "Do it again."

He did it, and I shuddered.

That was followed by a flurry of smacks that made my cunt thump with need. I needed to come again. A sweet tightness built and built within me until I thought I'd go insane.

I sensed more than heard Todd shift in the background. He seemed to be trying to find a comfortable position from his viewing chair that would accommodate his steely cock.

A final hard blow rocked through me, and I came with a long sigh. Then I announced, "Now, I'm gonna to finish you off with my mouth. Is that OK with you?"

Underneath me, his hips thrust up as if involuntarily, then he said hoarsely, "Yeah, that's fine with me."

"When I was done with Lance, my husband would bury his cock inside my cunt. The thought lit me up inside."

Once I pulled my pussy off his cock, I grabbed his rod roughly. I squeezed him none too gently and asked, "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure, baby. I'm very sure," he responded breathlessly.

His cock was hot in my hand, and I gave him slow, even jerks. Then I sucked his crown into my mouth, dragging my tongue around it repeatedly and tasting my flavor on his skin. He groaned, and I heard Todd release a soft chuckle of appreciation.

On my hands and knees, I angled myself so my husband could see my ass as I tended to our guest. I reached between my legs, pushed my fingers into my pussy and drew out some of my own wetness. I began to work my clit with slick fingers as I slid my lips down Lance's shaft.

"That's my dirty girl," Todd whispered.

When I heard him, my nipples grew tight and hard, and my pussy flexed greedily. When I was done with Lance, my husband would bury his cock inside my cunt, and the thought lit me up inside.

Finding my rhythm, I stopped toying with Lance and sucked him in earnest. As I slid my mouth up and down his thick erection, I traced pleasurable patterns over my clit.

I felt Todd's gaze boring into me. Deep down, I knew he was getting hot from watching me. How hard was his prick? How many times had he brushed his hand against his erection?

Pushing my fingers deep inside my pussy, I flexed them and moaned around Lance's big cock. He pushed up roughly, jamming his dick in my mouth and throat. He grunted and groaned as his fingers clutched at the bedsheets.

He wriggled and squirmed like a worm on a hook, and the sight thrilled me. It thrilled Todd, too; that's why my husband loved to watch me work.

I tickled my clit playfully because I knew my hubby had his eyes locked on me. Lance buried his hands in my hair, held me fast and bucked up into my mouth. I accommodated him by eagerly swallowing his rod.

"I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come!" Lance shouted.

He kept saying it over and over, and his urgency was infectious. I pumped my fingers in and out of my sopping pussy. When he shot his load into my mouth, coating my tongue with cream, I came, too. My climax was a huge clenching release that made me gasp around the pulsing dick in my mouth.

Lance and I sprawled on the bed, breathing heavily. We stayed that way for I don't know how long. I may have even dozed off. Then Todd ushered Lance to the door, returned to me and asked, "Are you ready to spread your legs and let me in? So I can remind you whose hot wife you are?"

"I've never been more ready," I told him—and I meant it.

—K.M., Des Moines, Iowa

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EROTICA

FALLING IN LUST

As leaves drop from the trees, a
horny couple finds autumn makes
their arousal rise to new heights.

BY MATT RICHEBOIS





Caroline wanted to have a big autumnal bash. Like when she was a kid, she'd said. I had no problem with that. My girl wanted a party, so we'd have a party.

But I underestimated the power of nostalgia and what kind of shindig she had in mind. We have a fairly big backyard, and she was dead set on having "stations."

"We can have a hot cider and/or a spiked cider station here," she said, pointing toward the back fence. "And hay bales under the tree over here for folks to sit on."

I nodded, going along with her process. Her pretty face was flushed pink with excitement and the chill. The weather was already nippy.

She led me toward the larger of our two sheds and said, "Here we can have pumpkin carving. Kids, adults, whoever wants to. We can prop the doors open,

and people can carve in the shed or outside. Whatever they want."

The bright fall sun was bleeding through the colorful leaves overhead, and a large swath of it splashed across her snug black shirt. The fabric was see-through in the sunlight. I could tell she wore no bra, and her nipples were erect. My dick stirred at the sight.

Caroline walked toward the smaller shed and gestured toward it, making her breasts jiggle as she explained, "This can be where we put down some plywood, and people can dance."

"Dance?" I asked, momentarily distracted from her tits.

"I got a small band to play music," she said, beaming.

I laughed. She really was going all-out.

"This is going to cost a lot, isn't it?"

I wasn't upset, just curious.

"Define a lot," she said.

I laughed again and told her, "OK, keep going."

She turned, and I stared at her tight

little ass in her faded jeans. Her whole body seemed to sparkle with the anticipation over the upcoming party.

"Here's where the grill master will be cooking," she said, pointing toward another section of the yard.

"The grill master?"

"That's you. You are my grill master."

"Ah, got it."

"And I'll have a picnic table over here, set up with all the sides and desserts. Plus, we'll have some apple bobbing and face painting and maybe a cornhole game set up for the kids over here."

Joy was written all over Caroline's smiling face.

I snagged her wrist and pulled her close, slow dancing to imaginary music.

"My fall harvest princess," I said.

"Oh, stop," she responded, smacking me lightly. But her cheeks had grown even pinker.

I stroked her waist, then made smooth circles on her lower back with my fingers. When my hands dipped down to

cup her perfect ass, she laughed. Still, I continued swaying with her, humming softly, and she rocked her body fluidly.

"Hmm, are you trying to seduce me, grill master?"

"Is it working?"

She pushed herself toward me, and I felt her hard nipples poke against my chest. Her fingers tangled in my hair as she pulled my head toward hers and kissed me. At first, it was a chaste smooch, but it soon grew deeper. She slid her hand between us and ran it along the ridge of my impossibly hard cock.

She broke our lip-lock and replied, "It is indeed working."

"Let's go inside, so I can peel you out of that top," I said. "I already know I don't have to worry about a bra."

She gasped with fake shock and said, "And how do you know that?"

"I can see right through your shirt when the sun hits it just right."

She reared back, truly shocked this time, and said, "Oh my God! Is that true?"

I couldn't help but laugh and confessed, "It is. But you can worry about that later."

I pulled her along with me, and we slipped through our home's side entrance. We didn't make it farther than the kitchen because she grabbed me and kissed me hard. Her tongue stroked against mine as she ran her hand along the swelling crotch of my jeans.

"I'm so excited about the party," she said softly.

I popped open her jeans and pushed my hand inside. She wore no panties, so I easily slid my fingers along her soft, wet folds. I pushed my fingers inside her pussy and thrust them deep.

"Very excited," I whispered. I flexed my digits, and she moaned.

My needs soon got the better of me. I tugged down her jeans right then and there. I repeated the action of my fingers, plunging them inside her exposed cunt. Pulling them out, I teased her swollen clit with my juice-slickened fingers. Then I pushed my digits back inside her once more.

Caroline clutched my shoulders tightly as I resumed fucking her with my fingers. Then her mouth was on mine, and she was kissing me with passion.

"Take your clothes off," she said.

Without another word, I yanked my T-shirt over my head and tossed it aside. That was followed by my sneakers, jeans and boxers.

Caroline took off her top, and her full breasts bounced free. Her tits were perfect, tipped with rosy nipples begging to be licked and sucked. I obliged. My tongue lavished her with languorous licks. She practically purred, and I wrapped one arm around her waist and pushed the fingers of my free hand back inside her.

"Baby," she finally breathlessly uttered. "You need to fuck me, or I might die."

She stripped off her boots and removed her lowered pants. Then I hiked

"She squeezed her pussy tight around my thrusting cock, and I groaned with helpless abandon."

her up onto the kitchen counter and tugged her toward the edge. She spread her thighs, revealing the pink beacon of her pussy.

Sliding my cockhead along her slippery slit, I growled with pleasure. She was spectacularly ready for me, and I slid my rod into her, savoring the sensation of her snatch engulfing me.

Her eyes slammed shut, and she bumped her hips up, eager to force my cock deeper inside her cunt. Her hands closed over my shoulders as she held me tight. She squeezed her muscles tight around my thrusting cock, and I groaned with helpless abandon.

I hauled her closer to me, and she squealed. The sound she made pushed me right to the edge. I nipped her shoulder and her neck. Her nipples seemed to grow even harder, and I felt

them poking against my chest.

"Faster," she begged in my ear, then she smacked me on the ass.

Smirking, I obliged, pounding her pussy and leaning forward until we were eye to eye and breathing fast. She gnawed at her lower lip, worrying it with her teeth as I got closer to climaxing. Her pussy was rippling around me like warm liquid, and I finally gave in to my pleasure. I came with a cry, and she followed suit. I put my head down and just stood there for a beat.

"I see you're excited about our party, too," she joked.

"Very excited."

"Good—because now we're going shopping."

I groaned, but it was a joke. I didn't mind one bit.

It took us an entire day to set up the backyard to Caroline's liking. Doing things with her is always an adventure. The whole time we were working she was singing and laughing. Meanwhile, I found myself reliving our hot kitchen fuck session. The welling wanting started deep inside me, very strong, and I had to force myself to focus on the tasks she'd assigned me.

As she started on the pumpkin-carving area, I worked on hauling out some hay bales. I found myself singing along with my wife as I worked—and occasionally ogling her sweet, sweet ass.

"I see you, you know," she said teasingly.

"See what?"

"You. Watching my butt," she said, looking over her shoulder at me.

She'd been leaf-blowing the interior of the large shed, making sure the floor was clear.

I stuck my head inside the enclosure, looked around and told her, "Hey, this looks pretty good. We should have cleaned it up ages ago. It could be a she-shed."

"How about a they-shed?" she teased.

"Sure thing. I'd be happy to share a shed with you."

I stepped all the way inside, and she turned to face me. Her cheeks were rosy, and her eyes sparkled. She cupped my face in her hands and said, "Day after tomorrow!"

"Day after tomorrow," I echoed.

Then it started to rain. Not terribly hard



or terribly violent, but it was enough to make her sigh. We stood inside the shed and watched the rain coming down. The drops looked like silver twinkle lights.

"I guess we should go back to the house," she said. "Now the hay's gonna be all wet."

I caught her wrist and assured her, "It's supposed to be bright and sunny tomorrow—and breezy. Your hay will dry. This is just a light shower. It will pass as quickly as it came."

She nodded along with me, but again sighed softly in disappointment as she stared at the drizzle.

I came in close behind her, wrapped my arms around her waist and kissed the back of her neck. She shivered, and I felt her body move against mine. Planting another kiss on that tender spot, I waited for her to shiver again. When it happened, I slid my hands up her torso until I held her breasts in my hands. I felt the hard knots of her erect nipples, even through the soft flannel of her button-down.

"I know a way to pass the time, while

we wait for the rain to stop," I whispered in her ear. Her body seemed to quiver once more, and I nipped her neck. I did the same to the other side, and she groaned softly. A close inspection of her skin showed goose bumps had sprung up near where I'd bitten her.

Letting my hand drift south, I kissed her neck again, and then I slipped my hand inside her leggings and the panties beneath. I gently cupped her mound, waiting for her to respond.

She was breathing hard, and her body seemed to be on red alert. Finally, she dropped her head back against my shoulder, and in an exasperated voice, she asked, "Are you going to touch me or what?"

Grinning, I slid a finger inside her pussy. She was warm, slick and welcoming, and I couldn't wait to bend her over and jam my cock into her cunt. But first, I teased her some more, sliding my finger in and out of her snatch until she was pressing back against me so hard, I feared we'd both tip over.

Using her own slick juices to ease my

way, I trailed my finger over her hard clit as she gasped and writhed and tried valiantly to stand still.

She failed.

I worked her clit with a light, even touch. I had one forearm wrapped around her chest, holding her against me. She clutched my arm and pleaded, "Harder. Just a little harder. And a little faster."

I obeyed, and within moments, she was coming. A breathless exhalation marked the arrival of her climax. I couldn't help but push a finger inside her once again to feel the hot spasms of her pussy.

Caroline had sprinkled colorful paper leaves along the table she'd set up for the pumpkin-carving station. But she swept a spot free with her hands and leaned over the table.

Arching her back, she playfully shook her ass at me. I popped open my jeans, and then yanked down her leggings and panties. I moved in close as I clutched her hips. She reached back between her spread legs and found my rod with her



cool fingers. Guiding me carefully, she rubbed my cockhead along her slick slit, then up over the knot of her clitoris.

Angling herself, she pushed back and took my dick inside her pussy. She held her body still as her fingers worked her clit. Knowing she was touching herself while my cock was buried in her cunt made me crazy with lust.

I pulled back and slammed into her quickly, feeling a surge of pleasure work through my body. Her pussy gripped me impossibly tight, and I strove to hold my focus to prevent myself from coming right then and there.

Caroline pushed herself back against me, meeting every one of my thrusts with a backward motion. Her fingers skated over her pussy and occasionally brushed my balls. Sliding my hand up her back, I found her long hair and wound it around my hand. I gave it a gentle tug, and she moaned.

Tugging again, I pulled my dick free of her and teased her slit with the tip of my cock. She gasped, moving restlessly and trying to get me to reengage.

"Turn around," I said.

She did as I demanded with the oversized flannel shirt hanging loose around the tops of her thighs. I unbuttoned her top slowly, knowing she was all charged up. The flannel fell open, exposing her bare tits. I touched her gently, making her wiggle with restless energy. I pinched one pink nipple, pressing hard enough to make her hiss, and then did the same with the other.

She licked her lips and stared at me. Her eyes seemed to glitter in the gloom of the shed.

"Do you want it?" I asked. She nodded. "Do you want me?" Another nod. "On your knees," I ordered.

She got down on the shed floor and parted her plump lips. I pushed my cock between them and felt it slide against her tongue. I only stopped advancing when I felt my crown bump the back of her throat. Her watering eyes sparkled with unshed tears. But she breathed in deeply through her nose and drew on me with a force I wasn't expecting.

I rode the waves of my pleasure as she tended to my cock. She licked up one side, then down the other before repeating the entire process. She licked circles around my crown and sucked on

it softly. Wanting more, I put my hand on the back of her head and once again guided her down the length of my dick until her lips brushed my root.

She pulled back, and her hand gripped me tightly, working my shaft as she lavished lazy licks on my crown.

Just as I thought I'd explode across her tongue, I eased away and told her, "Stand up."

Her expression made her look as if she was slightly stunned or drunk. She stood, with her cheeks flushed and her mussed hair wild around her face.

I drew her in and kissed her, wrapping one arm around her waist as the other wandered down to plunge two fingers into her hot depths. She arched against me, nipped at my tongue and showed me with her body how badly she wanted to screw.

Steadily falling raindrops tapped the shed window and the roof. Thunder rumbled in the distance, but she paid it no mind.

I worked her pussy until she was

pulsed around my cock. The excitement of the moment, the spontaneity of it, the fucking coziness of the whole scene was arousing. Just us in the shed, illuminated by a dim camping light, and surrounded by the scent of hay and rain.

I once more felt her working her clit. Her channel grew even tighter around me, and she groaned, "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

The wet rippling of her pussy around my driving shaft was intoxicating. I gave in to my own pleasure and held her fast as the beginning of the end hit me hard and fast.

I buried my face against her neck as I gave her my final thrusts. I pounded her as deep and hard as I could, feeling every inch of her gripping me tight.

When I climaxed, my whole body shivered. I let go fully, my entire being going loose with exhaustion.

There was another rumble, which was quickly followed by flash of lightning across the sky.

We pulled apart, and she kissed me

"The wet rippling of her pussy around my driving shaft was intoxicating. I gave in to my own pleasure."

gasping into my mouth and her cunt rippled around my fingers with another orgasm.

She was still in the throes of her climax when I turned her to face the wall of the shed. She braced her hands against it as I tugged her hips back, then I slammed into her with a quick, eager thrust.

Our bodies moved together. We were so close there was barely any space between us. I fucked her with short, swift jerks of my hips. I reached around and cupped her breasts with my hands as I plowed her.

"Christ, I'm going to fucking come," I gasped in her ear.

"Me, too," she panted. "Me, too. I'm so, so close."

Outside, thunder rumbled once more, and there was a bright flash of lightning. She squealed, and her cunt

hungrily with her fingers ruffling my hair.

"That was amazing," she said. "But it's still raining, you big fat liar."

I buttoned my jeans and went to the doorway, then I grabbed her arm and tugged her close. "Now look, see that?" I pointed to the horizon.

"Yeah."

"It's the sun. This will be over in a minute."

"So you're the grill master *and* the weather wizard," she said, laughing.

Suddenly, the sky brightened and the rain slowed perceptibly. I grinned at my wife. She looked so cute with her flushed cheeks, mussed hair and misbuttoned shirt. I wanted to fuck her all over again.

I had a feeling our autumn harvest games were going to become an annual tradition.





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SPOTLIGHT ON THREE-FOR-ALL

PARTY OF THREE

A lifestyle-loving couple hooks up with an aspiring swinger for a thrilling threeway and broadens everyone's horizons.

BY JASON DAVIDSON



Often I've been perplexed—and amused—that some couples work so hard to keep the passion alive as the years slip by. That's never been a problem for Polly and me. We've been married nearly two decades, and things seem to be more thrill-filled now than they've ever been.

I suppose the fact that we're a pair of longtime swingers partly explains why our desire for each other has kept on truckin' over time. You see, both of us were in the lifestyle before we got together.

In fact, we met at a rather large and boisterous orgy in the spacious penthouse suite of an upscale Miami location. The occasion was one of those hotel takeover events.

I was standing in a large room beside one of two king-size mattresses covered with writhing bodies. I was naked but for the boxer briefs that had fallen to my ankles, and my cock was being rather skillfully sucked by a kittenish

20-something named Jill—or maybe it was Gillian—who had caught my eye a few minutes earlier. My date for the evening, Sheryl, was somewhere in a nearby room, doing God knows what with heaven knows who. Sheryl and I were lifestyle friends with benefits. We would go to couples-only events together, but our relationship wasn't romantic. We were just pervy playmates.

As Jill/Gillian sucked my hard-on, my eyes fell on my future bride at one end of the mattress. Polly—a stunning brunette with curves aplenty, stupendous breasts and an ample ass—was being taken doggy-style by a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman from Mumbai. The dude was really going to town on her pussy—just railing her. What hooked me at first was that Polly wore a pair of black-rimmed glasses. Something about that just drew me in: the combination of her wantonness and look of studiousness. In an instant, I felt I had to be with this woman, hopefully forever. And—what do you know?—she was staring back at me with a look of

interest mixed with puzzlement. Later, she told me what she'd felt when she saw me was strikingly similar to what I said I'd felt for her.

But this strange desire played an odd trick on me. My usually avid dick went limp. It had become suddenly bored by the efforts of Jill/Gillian's lips and tongue. However, my kitten-cute cocksucker—bless her—didn't take my deflation personally. She stood up, smiled and gave me a quick peck on the lips with her talented kisser. Then she left me standing alone with my underwear on the floor.

Polly and I found each other later that night in the suite's bar area. We talked easily, without hesitation. We chatted until the hosts evicted us.

Sheryl had located me at some point. She was going off with new playmates to have a nightcap a few blocks away. I could have told her then: No more need for a wing person; I've found my ring person. And it would have been true. Four months later, Polly and I tied the knot.

As a young man, I'd been briefly married



once before—for just over two years. Polly, who'd attended that hotel party as a single woman, had never before been wed. She'd notched a couple of medium-term relationships. But on the night we'd made our acquaintance, we'd both agreed we'd never experienced anything quite like meeting each other. Our connection was genuine. When we finally fell into bed together in my hotel room as dawn approached, the sex we'd had was like a deluge in a field of hot dust. Then we slept in each other's arms for hours.

I hope what I've written so far has seemed both sexy and romantic. But it's only the backstory to the tale I intend to relate: the tale of how Polly and I had the most incredible threesome with a young would-be swinger named Ambrose.

Even though my romance with Polly has been fulfilling, that doesn't mean she and I ever slowed our careers as swingers. Not at all! Our mutual avocation has always been S-E-X, of all stripes and varieties.

We've been to swingers conventions and resorts all across North America. We've had sex with singles and couples and throuples. Once on a secluded beach near Cancun, Polly took on me and four other guys in a gangbang that left both of us chuckling in happy disbelief for days.

But the episode I want to concentrate on began in a Las Vegas hotel at one of the more innocent sorts of swinger gatherings: a "meet and greet" in a hotel banquet room. Polly and I were among the first to arrive. We were hanging out with Dirk and Emmy, another couple who had become close friends. They were describing the remodeling job they'd completed on their guest house in Palm Springs when Ambrose and his partner, Annie, shyly entered the room.

Well, Annie was shy, at any rate. A slight strawberry-blond with sweet blue eyes and a trim figure, she seemed nervous from the get-go.

Much more confident Ambrose had a smile that could charm a wildebeest and a compact, muscular body. He'd been a gymnast in college, we'd later learned. He was just the kind of rippling-muscled guy Polly really fancied.

Ambrose and Annie held each other's hands tightly as they navigated the room. Soon they drifted our way.

Tactician that she is, Polly zeroed in immediately on Annie.

"God, that's a pretty frock!" she told her.

My wife was right. The crisp white cotton dress accentuated Annie's subtle curves and made me think of nothing else but what those breasts of hers would look like, feel like and taste like.

"Well, thanks for saying so," Annie said quietly.

Polly's eyes lit up at her response, so she continued, "You have such pretty hair and...oh, you know what?"

Polly began searching for something in her handbag.

"What'cha lookin' for, honey?" I asked.

"I think they're in here," she said, still rummaging. "Yes!"

She pulled out a pair of sparkling, amber-colored earrings.

"These go just right with your hair and

**"Ambrose's dick
was thick and hard,
and its flared glans
was practically
glowing like
a headlight."**

eyes," said Polly, dangling the baubles beside Annie's ears.

"They're very nice," Annie said. "You must tell me where you got them."

"They're from Mexico. Acapulco. A street fair or something. You must have them. Take them, please."

Annie seemed as nervous as a trapped squirrel.

"I couldn't."

"They're not right for me. Please, take them. They didn't cost a peso."

"But we don't know you."

"Well, we can fix that. I'm Polly, and this is my better half, Jason. And these are our friends, Dirk and Emmy. Dear, dear, old friends."

"Don't make us sound too decrepit, Poll," quipped Emmy, who can be delightfully sarcastic and smart-assy.

"I'm Ambrose," said the beaming young man. He was smiling so broadly, he seemed to be laughing. "And this is Annie."

Polly bussed Annie on the cheek.

"There. Now, we're all introduced. And these earrings are yours. Not another word about it. You should try them on while we talk. Look, there's a table over there. Jase, why don't you go claim it for us, and we can all get some drinks and sit down."

And that's what happened. For the next half hour or so, we all got to know one another better. Emmy and Dirk excused themselves at one point. They wanted to join some other friends who'd arrived for the meet and greet.

Our new acquaintances seemed as innocent as they were enjoyable to look at. Ambrose taught chemistry at a small college. Annie worked in the same college's business office. They'd been together a couple of years and had been flirting for some time with the idea of getting into the lifestyle. That event was the very first time they'd dipped their toes into the pool of decadence. They'd decided to try the Las Vegas event because they were nervous about exploring anything too close to home. It was clear from the start that while Annie was possibly game, Ambrose was the one who was truly keen on the idea of swinging.

The four of us had dinner together that night and agreed to have drinks the following evening in our hotel room.

"What's your verdict?" I asked Polly, after we'd parted company with them.

"She's a pretty mouse. I'd love to see you ravage her. But the chances ain't good. Mice are timid."

"And him?"

"Total stud. My pussy has been drooling since the moment I set eyes on him. I want his cock, Jase. I want that gymnast's dick of his."

"You'll have to settle for my couch-potato pecker tonight," I teased. "Unless we want to call Dirk and Emmy, and see what they'd like to cook up."

"Oh, yeah. Let's do that," answered Polly. "I love your pecker, Peter Piper. But tonight I need a whole pack of peckers, pickled or otherwise."

So, we wound up going to a small orgy, which Dirk and Emmy hosted in their suite. Polly and I didn't get back to our own



room until after 2:30 in the morning. We woke up early that afternoon. A group of our old pals had decided to visit some casinos. We went along. But, mostly, we were looking forward to entertaining Ambrose and Annie.

When we met them in our suite for drinks, though, they seemed to have cooled to the idea of carnal playtime. Or, at any rate, Annie had cooled to it.

Polly can keep a conversation rolling with the toughest crowd. But with Ambrose and Annie, the talk over drinks was a rehash of the same conversations we'd had the previous day. At one point, Ambrose and I went out to get some vodka and ice, and I was able to pick his brain.

"So, what do you think, buddy? You and Annie up for some play? We'd love to have you join us. As you can probably tell, Polly is ready to jump your bones. She's really into you."

"No lie? Damn, Jason. She's so hot.

You're a lucky guy. I'd love that. But I think things are moving too fast for Annie. She gets turned on by the idea of swinging. But the reality of it spooks her."

"What if it's not full swap? We could all get naked and fool around a little, but just stick with our own partners for full-on sex. A soft swap, you know?"

"Maybe. We've discussed that. You're into Annie?"

"Are you kidding? Of course I am. She's gorgeous."

"OK, maybe. We'll see. Maybe not tonight. Maybe some other time."

But it didn't happen that night. Or any night. Things were even more stilted after Ambrose and I got back to the room with the fresh bottle of vodka. Our guests stayed another half hour or so, and then we exchanged contact info and said our goodbyes.

"Shit," said Polly after they left. "Why would he bring that shrinking violet here if he knew she wasn't up for anything?"

They're out of their depth. Story over. Come fuck me, honey. I'm gushing like a mountain stream over here."

Obedient husband that I am, I fulfilled my marital duty. It was a good fuck.

Months went by, and Polly and I were ensconced at our place in California. Our work lives were busy, and we needed to set our swinging lives aside for several weeks. It was a familiar pattern. Compartmentalizing is second nature to us.

One autumn morning, though, I was surprised to receive an email from Ambrose. It turned out he and Annie had broken up, and he'd moved out of their place to a studio apartment. Their breakup wasn't only about the swinging thing, Ambrose wrote. But it had at least something to do with their disagreement about how open their relationship should be. Ambrose said he was going to visit his brother and sister-in-law in Santa Monica. He'd be renting a car while in California,



and he thought he might swing by and visit. But only if that was OK with us.

When Polly read his email, she seemed uncomfortable.

"What's up, Poll?"

"Oh, this just makes me out to be the most conniving person on the planet."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, Jase. The friendly thing to do would be to invite him here and have him stay over. And I'd be happy to do that. But an ethical person who was as turned on by him as I am would slam the brakes on that plan right away."

She stared at me with a slightly forlorn frown.

"You're overthinking things," I told her.

"I'm sure you're not surprised to learn that my first thought when I read that email was, 'Yippee! He got rid of that damn mouse of his, and now Polly's gonna get her some Ambrose peen!'"

I sat beside her and put my arm around her shoulders.

"Of course I'm not surprised. But what's even wrong with that? Do you really think he contacted us out of the blue with this news and didn't expect a little something-something? Besides, nothing would make me happier than to have you offer him the

sweet flesh he obviously craves."

"Really?"

"Really. It's not like you did anything to break them up or lured him here with a place to stay when you had other motives. He contacted us. Go ahead. Give that peen of his the royal treatment if you get the chance."

Not long afterward, the three of us sat in the secluded yard at our place. We relaxed on the deck beside the sparkling swimming pool. It had been a hot day, but by that point, a cool breeze was providing some relief.

"Can I get you another vodka tonic, Ambro?" Polly asked.

Polly and I had taken to calling him "Ambro" that afternoon. He was a bit of a "bro," so the nickname seemed to fit, and he seemed to like it.

"Sure," he said. "You guys are too good to me."

"Oh, honey, don't be a goose. You've been through a lot these past few weeks," my wife said.

Polly was wearing a beach wrap over her lemon yellow two-piece. She was tanned, voluptuous and irresistible. My dick had been twitching in anticipation since our guest's arrival.

"You want another, too, Jase?"

"Bring it on," I told her.

At that moment, the breeze swept in with a little more force, flipping up the front of our guest's cotton shirt, exposing his midriff.

"I spy with my little eye!" said Polly.

"What do you spy?" I asked.

"A chiseled six-pack with a cute little innie of a belly button!"

Giggling, she stepped into the house to fetch the booze and ice.

Ambrose had spent considerable time telling us about his post-Annie life. But he frankly didn't seem too sad. During our yakfest, he'd definitely given Polly the once-over or, rather, the several-times-over.

"I'm getting in the pool," I told Ambrose.

I was wearing swimming trunks and a T-shirt. I stripped off the shirt and slipped into the cool, clean water. I swam beneath the surface for a few seconds.

When I came up for air, I told Ambrose he should join me.

"I don't have any trunks!"

"Just wear your underwear," I said. "Or go nude if you aren't wearing any."

"I'll keep my boxers on."

He stripped down to his underwear. The



guy was definitely a gym rat. His body was mostly hairless, and he was ripped from neck to calf. He jumped in the pool and submerged himself fully.

"This feels great!" he said after surfacing.

Just then, Polly walked out with the drinks and put them down on the table near where we'd been seated.

"Are you two skinny-dipping or what?" she called to us.

"I'm not," I answered, "and Ambro has his skivvies on."

"Oh, hell!" she hollered back. "Let me show you how it's done."

Polly removed her wrap and pulled off both pieces of her yellow bikini. Her magnificent bare breasts with their erect nipples were displayed in all their glory. Her hips were pushed proudly forward, to give Ambrose and me the best view of the thick pubic thicket surrounding her pussy. Then she ran, completely naked, to the deep end of the pool. She cannonballed herself in, causing a wave of chlorinated water to rush toward us.

Polly immediately swam to the shallow end, heading straight for Ambrose. She all but tackled him. She held him tight and began French-kissing him. I doffed my trunks, threw them on the deck and tugged gently on my dick, which was quickly rising to full staff. Her hands moved to Ambrose's flimsy boxer shorts. She pulled off his underwear, then started stroking his emancipated, underwater dong.

I watched for a while, then stepped toward the two of them. I stood behind Polly and pushed my erection against the groove of her big, beautiful ass. I nuzzled the back of her neck and gently sucked on her earlobe as she continued to stroke Ambrose.

After a few minutes, we went inside the house and headed straight to the bedroom. Ambrose's dick was thick and hard, and its flared glans was practically glowing like a headlight, showing him the way inside my wife.

Once in the bedroom, Polly briefly slobbered on his impressive rod, then she lay back on the bed as he put on a condom to fuck her in missionary position. I sat in a chair and watched with surging animalistic lust as he mounted her.

Ambrose pumped Polly for several

"He backed off, and I barely gave her a beat to recover before thrusting my prong into her cunt."



minutes before quickly pulling out and ripping off the condom. He groaned loudly, and thick ropes of jizz splattered across her breasts and belly. He backed off, and I barely gave her a beat to recover before thrusting my prong into her cunt. I thrust very hard and fast, and it didn't take long before she and I came, forcefully and nearly simultaneously,

We were spent, but only for a short spell. As we rested, Ambrose confessed his trip to Santa Monica to visit his brother had been a ruse. His main reason for coming south was to hook up with us.

Ambrose shared that big bed with us that night, and we all experienced many more orgasms before we fell into a deep slumber. He ended up staying with us for

three days of what seemed to be a carnal Olympiad.

He's visited us several times since then. For his most recent trips, though, he's brought along his new girlfriend, Constance. A buxom blonde, she is as free-spirited and direct as poor confused Annie was straitlaced and unsure.

So, instead of incredible threeways, we've progressed to spectacular fourways. And all parties seem perfectly fine with that.

Our advice to couples looking to keep alive the ardor in their relationships? When you want to heat things up in the bedroom, sometimes a stranger—or two—can deliver the kind of spice you just can't find on your own! 



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TRUE CONFESSIONS

HEAT OF THE MOMENT

A newly single guy finds the perfect cure for his breakup blues—a hot hookup with a smokin' babe.

BY WYATT KOPP





You don't usually know for certain the last time you're going to sleep with someone. Relationships don't often disintegrate

according to any schedule. You might have a major disagreement, something that feels big enough to end things. But then there's the possibility of make-up sex. Even one-night stands might turn into two-nighters.

But I knew when I stepped into the rose-scented haven of Hina's bedroom with her that it would be the last time I would be with her, see her naked, make sweet love to her gorgeous body. She was leaving, returning to Japan, and she wasn't coming back.

Hina was availing herself of a great business opportunity, but her family also really wanted to see her again. I couldn't—and didn't—begrudge her decision. We'd had some wonderful times, a full summer of romance and sex. But autumn had come and winter wasn't too far off, and there wasn't anything I could do to keep her by my side.

At least we were having one final night of passion.

My senses were all tuned up to their highest gain. It was like my body recognized what my brain and heart already knew: I would soon be without the delicate and fulfilling joys of Hina.

So I was desperately aware of the lingering floral scent of her room, derived from the candles she sometimes burned. The whisper of our feet on the carpeting was a roar in my ears. My eyes picked out individual dust motes spinning frailly in the air.

As my fingers opened her blouse, I keenly felt the texture of its pearl buttons. When we kissed, the taste of her mouth was a savory jolt on my tongue.

But I didn't let the melancholic backdrop interfere with the forepieces of our set. This was our last performance. But there is beauty in a finale—knowing you're there to see it, recording it in your own soul and preserving it that way.

We kissed long and deep, and we busily undid snaps and belts as we made out. By that point, we had all the shorthand down. There were no miscues or unnecessary hesitations. She

certainly wasn't inhibited with me, and I was as comfortable with her in a sexual setting as I'd ever been with anyone.

Maybe ours wasn't a romance to set the heavens afire, but we'd had a damn fine connection. And it was time to see things off in style.

Her bare skin was like satin. I took her up in my arms and carried her onto the bed. She looked up at me with dark bewitching eyes. We lay down, kissing again. We were voracious, our tongues hungrily seeking each other.

I pulled her against me and felt the erect tips of her nipples, which were hardened with arousal. Her hands eagerly roamed over my body. She reached around to squeeze my ass, and I cupped one of her tits. She squirmed happily against me.

Hina reached between our bodies to fondle my balls, knowing just the right amount of pressure to use. I rubbed my stiffened cock against her flat belly, and pleasure hummed through me. My body might have known this was my send-off with Hina, but its needs were just as intense as they always were. I relished fucking this woman, and that night would be no exception.

We got seriously into it. I sucked her breasts, nibbling her hard nipples until she squealed. Then I moved down her body, parting her legs and applying my mouth to her streaming pussy. I tongued her slit and was rewarded with the gratification of her orgasmic triumph and the lush flavor of her juices, which flooded my mouth.

She, in turn, spent several minutes lavishly sucking my cock from knob to base. She deep-throated me with every expert plunge of her mouth and brought me halfway to the brink.

At that point, we fucked like mad. She got on me, then I was atop her. Then we were rolling all about. Somehow we found ourselves on the carpet. Later, she was facing the wall, with her ass thrust out, and I was pounding her. She came and came again as we became a blur of sexualized mayhem. My cock was as hard as mahogany, while I slammed away at her pussy.

But finally I went over the top, and my dick released great spurts of cream. She came seconds after me, truly a final spin on the carnal merry-go-round. And

we went out like that in a glory of jizzy, juicy bliss.

When she was gone, I decided what I would do. I wouldn't rush out to find my next bedmate. I could get by on the lingering afterglow of Hina's charms for a little while. Besides, I didn't trust what choices I might make while on the rebound.

Despite everything I'd told myself, I knew I really would miss her. Fiercely. I understood, with all the maturity of my years, that parting as we had was the right thing to do. Long-distance romances aren't for me. I didn't want to be her online boyfriend, and I certainly didn't have the money to go shuttling

“She swallowed my whole length in one fearless dive, and pleasure overwhelmed me.”

back and forth between the U.S. and Japan.

But she was a stark absence in my life in those first few days after her departure. So I decided instead of changing girlfriends, I would change my scenery. Hina and I had been at our peak during the hot summer months. So I would go somewhere cold, just for a while, a mini-vacation to sort myself out.

I was able to afford a plane ticket to a northern state. No place fancy, just a random city where I could really feel the weather. There wasn't snow yet, but the air was bracing. I could feel it in my lungs.

Just about anywhere new can be exotic under the right circumstances. The city had its quaint places, parks worth wandering through, a museum to visit and funky little cafés locals probably didn't think twice about.

I let myself get caught up in the experience, like I was visiting

somewhere romantic, even mythical, like a Paris of the mind. I roamed around in a pleasant daze, soaking up the landscape. Memories of Hina eased in my heart, becoming less fraught. She was turning into just that—a memory. It began to feel like I was really leaving her in the past, which was how it should be.

Midday on my third day I stopped at a café where I'd been getting my lunch. I sat at the counter and ordered. A moment later someone took the adjacent stool, even though there were plenty of other seats. I turned to meet the eyes of a woman, who gazed back at me with a curious smile on her attractive face.

“Hello again,” she said.

“Uh, hello.” I couldn't recall meeting her before, though I'd chatted in a friendly offhand manner with lots of people since my arrival.

She chuckled, and it was a pleasant sound.

“No, you don't know me,” she said. “I own this place. I've seen you come in three days in a row. You always have this dreamy look on your face, like you just won the lottery.”

It was my turn to laugh. I told her I was vacationing in her city—though I didn't specify why—and she seemed to find that charming and told me her name was Daphne.

We shook hands as I introduced myself. Her grip was firm, her skin soft. I studied her features a bit more closely. She was quite pretty. She looked fit, with the easy health of someone who has kept in shape her whole adult life.

I told her where I'd been around the city. She nodded and added, “I'm a native. Do you want to see the spots only the locals know about?”

“Are you offering to show me around, Daphne?”

“I am, Wyatt.”

Apparently, she could take off from work in the middle of the day. She took me out of the restaurant, piled me into her car and took me on the grand tour. She acknowledged her small city didn't have any famous sights, but that didn't mean there wasn't lots of fun to be had.

She was right. She took me to an underground art gallery, a poetry reading at a coffeehouse, and the coolest comic book store I'd ever seen. She knew



people wherever we went and cheerfully introduced me as her new friend. I liked the sound of that.

Soon she had her arm linked through mine as she guided me along, and the occasion started feeling very much like a date. There was a warmth emanating from her. I liked her laugh, and there was an undeniable chemistry cooking between us.

But I had come up north to chill my spirit, right? This was supposed to be an excursion devoted to cleansing my romantic palate. Hina was long gone overseas, and I was to take a deep expunging breath before resuming my normal life.

I hadn't counted on Daphne, however. Evening was coming on. We'd spent the day together, and it had been wonderful.

I thanked her for going to so much trouble over me. She squeezed my forearm, leaned in and planted a quick kiss on my cheek. I blushed—actually blushed—which warmed my face, despite the general crispness in the air.

"Aw shucks, Wyatt," she said, laughing. "It's been no trouble. Want to come back to my place for a cup of tea?"

I swear I felt the ground shift under my feet. I heard the offer behind her offer. Certainly I was quite drawn to Daphne. But some last second doubt made me hesitate, and she said, "Well, maybe not then."

I broke out of my momentary paralysis to hastily say, "No! I mean, yes. Tea. I'd love to have tea."

She grinned and off we went.

When we walked in her front door, I

felt a wave of warmth. A nice even heat permeated her apartment. I shivered, but it felt good. Amid the day's decidedly fun activities, I hadn't realized how the cold had been slowly seeping into my bones.

It was a cozy home. The tea made it feel even more so, as did Daphne, who sat next to me on the sofa with her legs tucked underneath her. She smiled, and a deeper heat bloomed within me.

She blew steam off her cup, and I stared at the circle her lips made.

"So, who was she?" Daphne asked.

I froze again and processed what she'd said. With a shrug, I told her about Hina, which also told her what I was doing in her small burg.

She brought her fingertips to my temple and slowly combed them back



through my hair. The contact brought out another shiver in me, this one accompanied by a stirring of my cock.

"Poor fella," she said. "Let me kiss it better."

With that, our mouths came together. Her lips spread, and her tongue darted between mine. I drew her into my arms. I told myself not to rush things, then found her practically climbing on top of me. I quickly adjusted to her exuberance. Her body squirmed atop mine. She jammed her crotch shamelessly against the growing bulge in my pants. Her breasts heaved against me, and we were still kissing madly.

She broke our lip-lock and was practically panting as she said, "Bed."

We headed to her bedroom. The fading light streaming through the windows was soft, the air rich with her scent. We pawed at one another, standing at the foot of her bed, then paused long enough to strip.

Her bare body was magnificent. But I barely had time to ogle her full tits, her

smooth thighs and the tempting mound of her pussy before we tumbled onto her mattress.

I pulled her against me and felt her stiffened nipples grazing my flesh. My hand closed on one of her breasts, squeezing her soft tit. She gasped and cut right to the chase, reaching between us to grip my cock, and I groaned with pleasure. I liked her boldness, her decisiveness. She knew what she wanted, and it was me. I wondered if she'd had this scene in mind from the moment she'd sat beside me at her eatery.

She jerked my shaft while I plucked at her nipples. She had a blazing look in her eyes, and the aroma of her excitement was in the air. I drizzled pre-come onto her fingers. She brought her hand to her mouth, licked her knuckles clean, then wriggled her way down the bed.

She settled between my legs, scooping up my balls in one hand. Her head hovered over my pelvis, her open mouth above my waiting cockhead.

Anticipation tingled wildly over every inch of me. She grinned at me, then dropped her warm mouth over my knob.

I sucked in air through my teeth as she sucked my cock into her eager mouth. Her lips were sealed tight. She swallowed my whole length in one fearless dive, and pleasure overwhelmed me.

She bobbed on my bone as heat continued to spread through me. My internal temperature was rising. Sweat beaded my forehead, and a great relaxing warmth was heating my flesh. I was rapidly heading toward the point of no return. I reached down to tug gently on her shoulder.

Her head came up just briefly enough for her to say, "Come in my mouth!" Then she resumed sucking me. Her forthright command as much as her cocksucking skills sent me over the top. Seconds later, my balls tightened in her cradling hand and my jizz starting shooting across her tongue. Her mouth stayed in place, and I heard her swallowing every spurt.



She sat up, looking languid and sexy. In no time at all, she was climbing up my body, setting her knees on either side of my head and straddling my face. Her gleaming pussy loomed over me. I knew what was expected and was eager to do it.

Daphne lowered herself onto my mouth. I got an immediate taste of her as her juices were already flowing. Her flesh was soft and warm, and when I speared my tongue up into her, she moaned softly.

She grabbed the headboard and rode my mouth. I tongued her swollen clit, and she humped my face harder. She ground herself against my lips, taking her pleasure from me and uttering a musical string of curses.

She came with hard jerks of her hips, thoroughly smearing her juices over the lower half of my face. I loved the hot flavor of her. Only when she'd given her last twitch did I realize my cock was fully hard again. New excitement hummed in my long-since thawed limbs, and my heart beat an impatient rhythm in my chest.

Cold hadn't been the answer. Heat was. The heat from this woman, the lovely warmth of sexual contact.

Her flesh was slick with exertion as I put her onto her back. Her eyes glowed with a languorous light as I moved on top of her. But fresh heat was stirring in her, too. I plunged into her dripping snatch, gasping at the sweet clutch of her spasming muscles. I stroked into her, and she rolled her hips to receive each of my thrusts.

Her tits bounced as I plowed her. Her lips were still flavored with my come. I kissed her anyway, knowing as our tongues met that she was getting a taste of her own pussy juice.

I drove deep, hitting her core. Her hands went to my shoulders, and her scrabbling fingers dug into my flesh. My whole body felt in motion, every loosened muscle at work.

She started to quake beneath me, and a cry built in her throat. I didn't let up because it was obvious she wouldn't want me to. I fucked her harder, our bodies coming together with loud smacks. She came so wildly she almost threw me off. I kept pounding her and was gratified at her visible satisfaction.

“She impaled herself on my cock, taking me all the way, so my balls were flush against the globes of her ass.”

She eased me back and said, “Do me doggy-style, and shoot your load inside me.”

Daphne moved onto her hands and knees. Then she gripped the headboard again, this time thrusting out her sculpted ass.

I hurried in behind her and slotted my slick cock back into her. I liked the new angle, delighting in the feel of her ass in my two steady hands. I stroked into her deeply once more, feeling her heat again and knowing I'd soon be unloading my spunk into her. But just as I was gearing up for a go-for-broke tempo, she cried out, “Put it in my ass. Come there.”

I was shocked, but she spoke like a woman who knew what she wanted.

I pulled out, shifting my position slightly, and with my hand trembling, I brought my glossy cockhead to her rear opening. I eased in slowly, but my impatient lover rocked back hard on her knees. She impaled herself on my cock,

taking me all the way, so my balls were flush against the globes of her ass.

I was so deep in her that I felt the heavy pulse of her flesh all around my rod. A lovely ecstasy was broiling my soul. I set out to fuck her ass. She was thoroughly cooperative, thrusting back against me, totally in sync with my movements. I gripped her hips. I drove my cock forcefully, knowing I didn't need to be delicate, knowing she didn't want that at all.

I hammered her butt. She thrashed about, knocking the headboard against the wall. She flung her head from side to side. She was coming again, and I followed. A final urgent crisis gripped me, and I let go with hot spurt after hot spurt. It was fantastic, cleansing and affirming. I'd come to that place to renew myself, and I had found Daphne. She had given me what I really needed. Our heat mingled, and our mutual joy was enough to melt the city around us. ✨





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PIA



CRUISING

My queer friend Terry was forever teasing me about his effortless sexual exploits. As a bisexual woman who leaned more toward the ladies, I wasn't terribly envious about his gay cock-tales. But I was jealous about how he could quickly find sex partners of the anonymous variety just about anywhere and anytime.

He implied woman-on-woman relations took longer to develop, involved intermediary steps and were generally more labor intensive.

OK, maybe he had a point. When I thought back on my own sexual history, it seemed I could get a guy in bed with little more than a few flirtatious words. My female lovers, on the other hand—well,

yeah, there hadn't been a whole lot of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of sex.

I brooded on this. I knew Terry wasn't deliberately being a jerk to me. We had a longstanding brotherly/sisterly friendship that I wouldn't have traded for the world. He'd had my back plenty of times, and I had come through for him on every emotional level. But I kept thinking about the subject. I won't go into the details of his escapades, but I seriously considered the benefits of his brand of faceless, wordless sexplay. Encounters in parks, on subways, in dark doorways off downtown streets. There had to be a real thrill to that.

I tried to imagine it for myself as I sleeplessly stared up at the dark ceiling of my bedroom. Nighttime. Me on the prow in an urban environment. A familiar tingle started in my warm pussy.

Terry had told me enough stories that the scenario was pretty easy to concoct.

I would spot someone, another woman. My steps slowed as she came toward me. I saw she was attractive. Her head turned toward me, and our blazing eyes met.

I flashed her a smoldering smile. She held my gaze, still coming at me. I stopped, putting a hand to my hip, striking a pose for her. I unzipped my jacket to show off the skimpy top I had on underneath it. I wore no panties, and my pussy was already growing slick.

When she was alongside me, she stopped, too. We stood mere feet apart. I took in her face and her shape, and desire surged in me. She finally answered my provocative smile with one of her own. An electrical charge seemed to jump between us.

Without a word, without any need for talk or introductions or preliminaries of any kind, we hurried into a nearby alley. Hard shadows fell over us. Even the moonlight didn't reach there. She leaned back against a brick wall, and I moved up against her.

Our bodies pressed together, then our mouths were as one. We kissed deeply, ferociously, tongues going wild. I liked the taste of her. Her hands moved into my open jacket. She slid them under my skimpy top to cup my breasts. My nipples were already rock-hard, and she eagerly tweaked them.

I groped her, too, loving the sweet swells of her tits. Then I was undoing the buttons of her jeans. There was no need to go slow. Everything, I knew, was permitted. We both wanted the same thing, and we wanted it as soon as possible!

As I let my torrid fantasy progress, I touched myself there on my bed. Images continued to pour through my mind.

I was fingering the nameless woman. She was doing the same to me. Her jeans were halfway down her legs. Mine were pooled around my ankles. I smelled her aroma, which mixed with my own. Before long, my jacket and top were on the ground. She stripped hers off. We sucked each other's tits. I knelt before her, and she set her dripping cleft against my mouth. I tongued her crazily, and she grabbed my hair and humped my face. I imagined her orgasm overtaking her.

But it was me who was coming, fingering myself—alone. Yet the fantasy burned into my brain, leaving me in a state of shuddering excitement. I vowed then to try to make my dream come true.

I had no personal physical vocabulary for anything like that, though. All I could think to do was emulate Terry. Go out skulking on the streets, slink about town, look for a woman receptive to the kind of fun I had in mind. Why should only guys get to play that way?

So, for three nights running I went out walking at night. Each time the setting seemed ripe. I was certainly in a state of purring excitement. Like in my fantasy, I was without panties. I wore a scant top under my jacket.

But I didn't encounter many women also out walking solo. Gals mostly moved in pairs and trios and groups, caught up

in chatting among themselves. The few lone females I happened upon, who I flashed a smile at, just appeared startled by my attention. I admit I was aiming for a niche sort of individual: a woman who was into other women who would also go in for a bout of quick, wordless public sex.

As frustrating as it was, I still found the hunt exciting. The anticipation was palpable. Every time I spotted another woman, the possibility was there. My nipples would stiffen, my tongue craving the taste of a female body.

At close to midnight on my third attempt I was heading back to my apartment, resigned to the idea that my dream hookup would probably never happen. At least Terry didn't know about my pathetic failed attempts at seduction,

“I jammed two fingers deep into her snatch and used my thumb to toggle her clit. She quickly quaked.”

so he couldn't tease me.

When I was still several blocks from my building, I heard footsteps behind me. I glanced over my shoulder, and there was a figure a few yards back. My pulse quickened. It was a woman, all on her own. Nobody else was around. I squinted but couldn't tell if she was returning my look.

Biting my lip, I slowed my pace. She was probably just a random pedestrian, heading home after a swing shift somewhere. But my mind made her the fulfillment of my fantasy: She was out cruising, too, a pussy-lover like me. Holding my breath, I looked back again. She hadn't slowed and was coming up right behind me. This time, her eyes met mine. I thought I detected a smile.

Holy shit! Was this really happening?

She was close enough for me to tell how pretty she was. I could also see she was wearing clothes that hugged an alluring body. She was about to pass me on the right. Hurriedly, I gave her a grin that I hoped didn't look demented. My heart was pounding ferociously.

She looked me dead in the face and said, “Let's do it.” Then she passed me without breaking her stride.

I froze for a second, then leapt after her. Let's do it? So much for the wordless pickup, but her words felt charged, delicious, enticing. I got alongside her and grinned again. She returned the smile with bright white teeth that looked almost feral. Her eyes sparkled, too, and I surged with desire for her.

We went half a block farther, then—just like in my dream!—she turned down an alley. I followed her, my pussy having gone fantastically slick. Halfway down into the dark passage, she turned and grabbed the front of my jacket in two strong hands.

Fear touched me for a quick instant, but that feeling vanished as she mashed her lips against mine. I kissed her back, meeting her tongue, which darted and danced. I took a step backward, but only to lean against a brick wall. She pressed her body to me, and I felt the whole seething length of her. She was wiry, but she jammed soft tits against mine.

I pulled open her coat as she undid my jacket's zipper. Our hands were on each other, searching and groping. There was no groundwork, no social precursors. We'd just jumped right into the fun stuff!

Our mouths continued to grind together as I fondled her breasts. She pushed my top up and tweaked my aroused nipples, not being gentle about it.

That was good. I didn't want gentle. I loved how we were like two animals, letting our needs guide us. We both knew we had a consenting, if totally anonymous, partner for the occasion.

She shoved my jacket off my shoulders. I let it fall to the ground. She pulled off my top. I bit down a gasp as she put her mouth on my left tit. Her tongue lashed my nipple. Pleasure raged within me when her teeth caught my bud and carefully nibbled and nipped it. Then she moved to my other breast.



We were in a public, albeit hidden, place. I was sure nobody else was in the alley, but anyone could come along. Our vulnerability only intensified my already burning desire. When she'd had her fill of my boobs, I stripped her to her waist and gave her a fast, enthusiastic tit-sucking as well.

Her hands went to my loose-fit jeans. I undid her button fly at the same time. In the alleyway's dimness, I saw her shapely bare legs and her tempting groove, which I imagined was already slick with dew. My pants, too, were now around my ankles. I did my fantasy one better and stepped completely out of them, standing there utterly nude, but for my flats—with the night's breath caressing my exposed flesh.

She did the same, fully baring her body, and we pulled one another into a new grappling embrace. Every inch of

her felt like electricity prickling against my skin. I plucked at her nipples, and she squeezed my ass. I reached down and hooked two fingers up into her streaming pussy.

As I worked that comely stranger, her hips rolled and she stifled a moan. I fingered her frantically and found her so slick inside. I pulled out and zeroed in on her swollen clit. She buried her face against my neck and shivered and moaned. I jammed two fingers deep into her snatch and used my thumb to toggle her clit. She quickly quaked, her pussy clenching around my fingers.

But she didn't pause to enjoy the afterglow. Suddenly, she was on her knees in front of me, lifting one of my legs onto her shoulder and jamming her hot mouth up against my furrow as I braced myself against the wall. Pleasure rocked me upon the sweet intrusion of

her tongue. It was as fast and nimble as it had been in my mouth.

I licked her juice off my fingers as she ate me. My climax didn't take long. Even so, I savored it, letting the ecstasy lift and spin me. She slurped my juices as they flowed.

I went to change places with her, so I could get a proper taste of her sex. But she faced the wall, bent over at the waist and thrust out her ass. I knelt on my discarded jacket to cushion my knees, put my face to the offered valley and proceeded to lap at her pussy from behind. Unable to resist, I gave her asshole several thorough licks as well.

A minute later—or was it an eternity?—she came. We hurriedly dressed and fled the alley—without even so much as a goodbye.

—K.H., New York, N.Y.

GRUDGE MATCH

My neighbor Tom and I have had a contentious relationship for years. Recently, he was doing some work on his apartment. Normally, I wouldn't mind the disturbance. I understand construction can be necessary—and loud. But dusk fell, and I still hadn't had a moment of peace, so I decided to give him a piece of my mind.

It didn't help that I was...frustrated. Have you ever been so fucking horny it hurts? That's where I was. All I wanted was a quiet evening with a glass of wine and my favorite vibrator. Instead, I was being subjected to pounding of another very annoying variety.

No more, I'd decided.

I marched across the hall and slammed my fist against Tom's door. It took a few minutes of banging, but finally, he appeared.

Tom was shirtless and disheveled with flecks of plaster dust on his chest and dirt smeared across his biceps like some sort of abstract tribal tattoos.

"Yes?"

His voice was gruff, and his posture exuded the same level of annoyance I felt.

I rolled my shoulders and stood ramrod straight.

"Tom, it is late. Please cut the noise."

"It's not quiet hours yet," he insisted.

When he moved to close the door, I blocked it with my foot.

"Can you for once be considerate of your neighbors?"

"Oh, kiss my ass!" Tom shouted in exasperation.

Something inside me shifted. All that hot, horny energy bubbled to the surface. I knew I should have been pissed he'd spoken to me that way. But his attitude made me hot.

Before I knew it, I heard myself say, "All right, I will."

"Wh-what?" he stammered.

I have to admit, he looked pretty cute all confused. I almost giggled.



"You heard me," I replied. "Now get inside, and drop your pants."

It seemed I wouldn't need my vibrator after all.

He retreated into his apartment, and I followed, shutting the door behind us and cornering him near a kitchen island.

"Are you going to drop your drawers or not?" I asked, already impatient with his fully clothed state.

"Easy there, Dee," he said with a grin.

His smile really made me melt. His stern, unforgiving features softened, making the formerly standoffish man look congenial and just plain sexy.

He fumbled with his belt, struggling to free the leather from its buckle.

Feeling restless, I launched myself at him and insisted, "Here. Let me."

Within seconds, I'd whipped the thick band from the loops of his jeans and dropped it to the floor. The buckle clattered on the tiles somewhere near my feet, but the belt wasn't my focus of

our loathing into lust?

I grabbed Tom by the hips and spun him, so he faced the island.

"Hands on the counter," I ordered.

"What, am I under arrest?" he teased.

I stood on my toes to get close to his ear and brushed my lips over his lobe as I responded, "Something like that."

Tom's broad back was covered with well-formed muscles. Physical labor will do that for a man. I ran my hands from one shoulder to the other and marveled over the way his hard body rippled under my touch.

"Do you like rimjobs, Tom?" I asked.

"I love them."

"Perfect," I said, the satisfaction positively dripping from my voice. "I do, too."

I rolled his briefs down to reveal his chiseled buns. Funny how I'd never before noticed my annoying neighbor was an Adonis.

After spending a few too many

those ample mounds of man-flesh.

My God, he was divine. Years of grumbling at one another—both outright and under our breath—had certainly set the stage for an explosive hookup.

After I'd thoroughly sampled Tom's cheeks, I meandered to his crack and trailed my nose along the length of it. His body had been tense, but all of his rigidity instantly dissolved on a sigh. He spread his feet wide, which parted his cheeks slightly. I nudged his globes further apart and gazed at his delectable pucker. I pressed my tongue against the sensitive patch of skin just below his butt hole, and he groaned helplessly.

I loved seeing my normally sullen neighbor fall to pieces with just a little love from my tongue.

Since Tom didn't protest, I continued to use my lips and tongue to tease his taint and reveled in his frenzied reaction. He moaned and cursed and slammed his fist on the island's marble countertop.

In the past, pissing off Tom made me feel really good. But controlling his pleasure gave me an even more wicked thrill; he was a malleable plaything, who I could subject to my every whim.

Before long, I felt it was time to give him that rimjob I'd promised. I trailed my tongue along his crack and stopped at the fluted edge of his asshole. Then, finally, I circled his opening, spiraling closer to its center and worming in my squirming tongue tip.

As he gasped and groaned, I reached around and caught his growing erection in my fist. It was thick and heavy with a perfectly rounded head that would fit comfortably inside my pussy.

But there would be time for that later. First, I wanted to hear Tom beg me for an orgasm.

By the sound of it, I wouldn't have to wait long. I pursed my lips and hummed a tune against his asshole to rock his world. But I was very careful. I didn't want Tom to climax—at least not yet. I wouldn't provide that release until my larger than life neighbor gave me the pounding I craved.

Once Tom started to fuck my fist, I knew it was time. I laid one last wet, lingering kiss on his asshole, then I released his dick and stood, waiting for him to turn to face me.

"I was able to meet Tom thrust for thrust, working out the years of aggression that had brewed between us."

attention anymore.

"These have got to go, too," I demanded, tugging at his waistband.

I tore open the button on his jeans and yanked until the zipper gave way. Thanks to a heavy wrench shoved in his pocket, the pants fell down all on their own.

I smirked as I said, "Now let me give you that kiss."

I'd expected Tom to be a boxer shorts man, but I was surprised to find him wearing satiny briefs instead. The cool fabric was slippery beneath my fingers when I grabbed his underwear to strip him.

"Full of surprises, aren't you?" I teased.

"You, too," he replied.

He wasn't wrong. Tom and I had bitched at one another for years. Who would have guessed that all we needed was the right opportunity to transform

moments admiring Tom's sculpted cheeks, I eased my hands inside the gathered briefs and yanked them down his sturdy thighs. His legs were dusted with a fine layer of soft hair. It tickled my hands, and I wondered what it would feel like to have his unshaven body rub up against my own freshly waxed thighs.

Of course, there was plenty of time to find out. But first, I would take charge of the situation and eat this man's ass.

Although his slippery briefs might have fallen to the floor on their own, I went south and took them with me on my journey. I needed to get on my knees anyway, and that seemed as good a time as any.

Kneeling placed me exactly at eye level with Tom's rear. But rather than dive right in, I allowed the tension to build and took my time exploring his body. I placed a gentle kiss on one ass cheek, then the other. Next, I nibbled on

When he did, I was treated to quite the sight. His chest rose and fell as he worked to regain his composure. His hunky body glistened with sweat, giving him the appearance of a shiny new toy.

My toy.

"That was fucking incredible," he gasped.

His words washed over me, enveloping me in a lusty fog. I knew it was, but I also knew we weren't finished yet. I hopped up on the counter and opened my legs wide as I told him, "Now fuck me!"

I'd padded across the hall wearing nothing but my bathrobe. So in no time, I was naked and ready for his formidable rod.

Tom rushed toward me and pulled my nude body hard against his chest.

Soft swirls of chest hair tickled my nipples, making them grow as hard as the diamond in the earring he sported. With one arm hooked around my waist, he pulled my ass to the edge of the countertop. The crown of his cock skated over my slick cunt lips. He hitched his hips, sending his rock-solid dick careening into my wet, waiting pussy.

I didn't have to put on a show for him. My moans came all on their own.

"Oh, Tom," I cried out. "Tom! Tom! Yes!"

I loosely draped one arm around his neck to keep him close and planted my free hand on the countertop. With that little bit of leverage, I was able to meet Tom thrust for thrust, working out the years of aggression that had brewed

between us in a matter of seconds.

Even my vibrator couldn't bring me to orgasm so quickly. Every muscle in my body grew so impossibly tight, and then I leaned into nirvana, riding the waves of pleasure that washed over me.

"Please, I gotta come," he begged.

"Do it!" I gasped.

In a desperate frenzy, Tom pumped his cock into my pussy and filled me with his cream.

Eventually, we separated and I headed back home, but things had forever changed between us.

Now, we realize our barbed comments are definitely foreplay—and I love nothing more than getting hot and bothered with Tom.

-D.L., Bangor, Maine



OFF THE RAILS



Curtis had been away on a monthlong work trip. It was the longest one his boss had ever sent him on. I was more than eager to see him when I arrived at the train station to pick him up. A month is a long time when you're the kind of couple we are. We finish each other's sentences, do everything together and fuck nearly every day. Don't forget the fucking. Four weeks of going without had me on edge.

When I walked into the enormous station, I looked at the board, saw his train was listed as "delayed" and groaned out loud.

The weather had officially turned from chilly to cold, and I texted him with numb fingers: "It says there's a 20 minute delay."

He quickly responded, "I know. So close and yet so far. I'll be there soon. I'm ready to put my hands all over you."

Taking a seat on a hard wooden bench, I found those words alone had sparked my arousal.

"I want you so bad. Like so, so bad," I typed.

He told me, "Soon. We might not even make it home. Smack that pussy for me."

I felt heat bloom in my cheeks, and I laughed in spite of myself.

"Smack my pussy? Now? Here!?"

"Yep. Right there. Right now."

The warmth in my flushed face had spread to my neck and chest—and even lower to my cunt. I looked around at the

sleepy, bored strangers surrounding me, leaned back on the bench and gave my mound a quick smack with my hand. My jeans muffled it, but still, the danger of being discovered was enough to make my cunt grow seriously wet inside.

"OK," I typed.

"You did it?"

I answered with trembling fingers: "I did." I could almost feel him smile.

"There's my good girl," he answered.

My body shivered, and my nipples spiked. I'd heard him say that to me in a hundred different ways after hundreds of different sexual encounters. But it always turned me on.

I eagerly awaited his next message and was shocked to see him write, "Now pinch your nipples. I know they're hard. I know you're turned on."

I looked around and answered, "There are people here, you know."

"Yeah, I know... Do it."

I obeyed without another second of hesitation. I put my phone in my lap, slid my hands up my sweater and let my coat shield me slightly. I gave another quick glance at the utterly oblivious folks around me, and I pinched my nipples. The nubs were more sensitive than I'd thought they'd be. I let out a soft hiss when I manhandled them.

It was late in the evening, and not a single person there was paying attention to me. But I was still excited by their presence

and the chance of getting caught.

The sensation of pinching pain had traveled from my tits to my pussy. I shifted restlessly on the bench. God, I wanted Curtis' cock inside me. I wanted a big hug and a long fuck. In that order.

"Done," I texted.

Somehow even on the screen the word suggested a breathlessness.

"Good girl," he repeated. Then he added, "The train's moving. Be there soon."

Excitement buzzed through me. He would finally be home!

The station's robotic announcer told me when his train had arrived, and I made my way to the gate. I saw a wave of weary-looking commuters walking up the stairs and waited for Curtis to appear. All of a sudden, there he was, crushing my body against his, while his two bags sat at our feet.

He cupped the back of my head and gave me the longest, deepest kiss we'd ever shared. Then he snagged his luggage and told me, "Come on."

I followed him, walking past the fast food stations, the deserted shoeshine stand and a sit-down restaurant that was closed for the night.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Shh, just trust me," he said over his shoulder.

He guided me up a short flight of steps, past a large swath of plastic sheeting and into an area clearly being renovated. Then

he dropped his bags, pushed me to the wall and kissed me like his life depended on it.

"There's no way I can make it home after a month apart and that text conversation," he confessed.

He yanked down my yoga pants and underwear. Then he was kneeling before me with his mouth latching onto my pussy and his tongue touring my slit.

I pushed my hands into his hair and humped his face, bumping my pussy against his lips. I rode the waves of bliss from mere excitement to a thrilling orgasmic peak. I did my best to stifle my cries in case anyone was nearby.

But there was more to come. Curtis wasn't through. He pushed his fingers into my soaked pussy and fucked me with quick strokes. His mouth returned to my clit, and between the licking and the thrusting, I was right back on the cusp again.

He curled his fingers deep inside me. A month hadn't faded his memory of where and how to touch me. His fingers moved inside me expertly, and he sucked my throbbing clit and flicked it with his tongue.

A second orgasm hit me, stealing my breath. I shuddered mightily, my knees going weak.

He stood quickly and turned me to face the wall. I braced myself with my forearms and let him kick away my pants and knock my legs into a wide stance. I briefly shut my eyes, feeling drunk with anticipation. I heard his belt buckle jingle and his zipper's rasp.

Curtis moved in close behind me and slid his cock along my wet slit. I sighed upon feeling his erection caress my cunt lips. He pushed the tip of his rod into me, holding himself steady and teasing us both.

"Fuck, you feel good, baby," he whispered hoarsely.

"Then really feel me," I said, practically sobbing with want.

He gave me another inch, advancing with maddening slowness. His breathing was harsh. One of his hands clenched my waist, the other my shoulder.

I reared back eagerly, trying to force him to fuck me, and I heard him laugh.

"Are you impatient?" he asked teasingly.

"Yes!" I squealed and then we both laughed. "After a month, I am very impatient—"

I didn't get to finish the word because he thrust into me hard. The intensity of his movement lifted me up onto my tiptoes, and I hissed between my teeth. His cock

stretched me and filled me in all the ways I'd fondly remembered. I shut my eyes again, rested my forehead against the wall, and rocked my body with him as he began to fuck me.

"What a spicy reunion," he said in my ear.

Goose bumps sprang up along my back and shoulders. Inside my sweater, my nipples were hard and sensitive. My stomach flip-flopped at the danger of our coupling and the ferocity of our hunger for one another.

He thrust deep, and I moved with him, rocking forward slightly every time he plunged inward. His cock slid in and out of my swollen pussy at the perfect angle, making me shiver.

He was close to climaxing; I could feel it. I reached down and drew circles atop my still thumping clit with two fingers. Every revolution brought me closer to climax. He grabbed my hair in his hand, tugging it just enough to make me yelp.

"Fuck, that's good. I missed you so much," he said.

"Come in me," I demanded. "Come inside me. Hurry!"

He groaned, spurred on by my urgency. His hips repeatedly bumped my ass as he pummeled me. Outside, there was a whistle, followed by the sound of a train lumbering down the tracks.

All around us were people arriving and departing. At any moment someone could have found us.

"Hurry!" I repeated.

He pushed on my back, bending me over further, so my ass reared back toward him. His rhythm had gotten hurried, more aggressive. He tugged my hair again, and I hissed. Then I squeezed my pussy tight around him as I worked my clitoris.

"Fuck," he growled.

I felt his body grow rigid behind me, and I let go. I came with my lips pressed together, feeling him still moving in and out of my spasming cunt.

Shortly afterward, he came with a shuddering exhalation. I felt a rush of wetness inside me. I slumped against the wall, and he pulled back. I stood and rested my back on the drywall as he kissed me and his cream dripped down my thighs. His hand came up beneath my sweater to find one of my hard nipples. He tweaked it, and I gasped.

"Let's go home," I said. "For round two."

"Not just yet," he said. "Soon."

He was back on his knees, pushing his fingers inside me again. A thick bundle of three digits this time. I moaned at the intrusion and the brush of his lips and tongue against my clit.

I didn't fight it. It felt too good.

I buried my fingers in his hair, and it was my turn to tug. He grunted, and I couldn't help but smile. His fingers curved inside me, working my G-spot.

I heard someone close by. Closer than I'd like, and I tried to pull away, but Curtis held me fast. He anchored my thighs with his big, warm hands—hands I had missed so much.

"Curtis, we have to go," I whispered. "I think someone's coming."

He didn't listen. He kept licking my pussy, working me into an anxiety-riddled froth. Again, I heard voices.

Overwhelmed, I blurted out, "Oh my God!"

Curtis chuckled, and the noise rumbled through my cunt and echoed in my body. Meanwhile, his fingers dove inside me once more, pressing and flexing.

Pleasure fueled by fear built inside me as I wondered if we were going to get caught.

He pushed deeper inside me, his fingers focusing on the places that elicited the most noise from me. He worked those spots until my legs trembled, and I stopped worrying about people and came.

As he rose, the lights in the area came on, and we both momentarily froze. Hurriedly, we put ourselves together, giggling like fools.

We rushed out past the plastic sheeting, just in time to pass two workmen on their way up.

"Hey!" one shouted. "You're not allowed in there."

"Sorry! We got lost," Curtis replied.

He grabbed my hand, and we fled the scene with his luggage.

—G.N., Philadelphia, Penn.

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SUCKA WHAT?

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MAD SKILLS

I love sucking dick. Holding a man's erection in my mouth makes me feel so powerful, like a veritable goddess.

When I met my new boss, my brain instantly concocted visions of me licking his shaft like a lollipop. I wondered if his dick would be long and thick, or if it would have a little curve to make it easily slide right down my throat.

Of course, I couldn't jump Luke's bones right away, but the thought was certainly at the top of my mind. It didn't help that he's a man who appreciates a bespoke wardrobe. Every one of his suits is expertly tailored to highlight his best features, including his hefty package. More than once, he'd sidled up next to me to review a document as I sat at my desk, placing his extremely

impressive bulge at my eye level.

One day, we were alone in his office reviewing a pitch I would later be presenting to investors. After I finished my speech, a slow smile illuminated his chiseled features.

"You have the best oral skills of anyone in this office, Alisha," he said.

I nearly choked. Though I pride myself on my professionalism, the comment just could not be left alone.

Choosing my words carefully, I replied, "I'd be happy to demonstrate my skills for you."

I lowered my gaze—making it clear I was focused on his crotch—before adding, "Anytime."

That's when his smile became more of a smirk.

"Is that so?" Luke replied.

My boss leaned back in his cushy

leather chair, opened his arms wide and said, "I'm free right now."

He nodded toward the glass wall that separates his office from the rest of the floor and said, "I'll close the curtains. We don't want anyone to interrupt your demonstration."

He flicked a switch to unfurl the curtains, which fully covered the soundproof partition, then he slammed a finger on his phone's intercom button and told his assistant, "Mateo, hold my calls."

With the curtains hiding us from prying eyes and potential disturbances headed off, Luke rolled his chair back from his desk and said, "Let's see what you've got."

Excitement fluttered in my belly. I did not expect to get what I'd wanted so easily! Truly, it was my time to shine, and

I was determined to demonstrate my oral prowess.

Though I tried to project an air of confidence as I walked toward Luke, my heart was pounding in my chest. I'd daydreamed about such a moment a thousand times, and it was finally happening!

As I stood before Luke, his legs were spread wide, leaving plenty of space for me to settle between his thighs. He gestured to his lap and said, "Please, show me what you can do."

His words were meant to goad me, but I felt all of my anxiety evaporate as they fell from his lips.

I give great head. There's no way my boss could ever be disappointed in my skills. But I found myself in the mood to tease him, just a little. Rather than sink to my knees before him, I hopped up on his desk and crossed my legs. I arranged myself to ensure he got a lovely glimpse of my well-toned thighs as my skirt rode up.

I reached across to the cute "No. 1 Dad" mug sitting by his monitor and pulled a pen from it.

Did I mention Luke is married? He has a cozy house in the suburbs with a perfect wife and two adorable little kids—and I was going to rock his fucking world anyway.

I could tell the suspense was getting to Luke, so I really hammed it up. I tossed back my long hair, then I wound it into a messy bun at the top of my head and used his fancy pen to secure it.

"Don't worry, Mr. Boss Man," I said with a wink. "This is a part of the process."

With my hair out of the way, I was ready to get down to business. I leaned forward a little more than necessary as I hopped down from the desk. Luke's eyes were firmly fixed on the upper swells of my tits, which were beautifully showcased by the low-cut neckline of my blouse.

By the time I actually got on my knees in front of him, the bulge in his pants had swelled to an impressive size. His erection tented the expensive fabric of his too tight slacks as it practically screamed to be set free.

Lucky for Luke, I was all too happy to perform a jailbreak that day. My mouth was watering for his dick as I prepared

to stoke the flames of his desire.

My hand hovered over the zipper on his pants. I was curious to lay eyes on the cock I'd been fantasizing about for months. But I instead held his gaze as I opened his pants. I wasn't disappointed by my choice. He regarded me with a level of reverence I hadn't ever before experienced. On his face, I saw a mixture of attraction, anticipation and awe. His expression made me feel invincible.

After I pulled down his zipper, Luke's

**"I was stroking
Luke's balls and
finger-fucking his
ass as he furiously
pumped his cock
into my mouth."**

dick practically did the rest of the work for me. It seemed to spring forward, forcing its way through his fly and almost tapping me on my nose. He wore no underwear, and I swept my eyes over his exposed shaft. My vision eagerly took in every inch of him from the base to the tip, and there were a lot of inches. Luke's erection was long, thick and straight. A pulsing vein bisected the underside of his dick, like a lovely roadmap showing me exactly where to trail my tongue.

I sighed appreciatively. I'd imagined Luke would be very well endowed, but dreaming and knowing are two entirely separate things. My mouth watered even more for him, and I knew it was finally time to take a taste.

I began with a long, languid lick. But I didn't start at the base or the tip of his peen. Instead, I trailed my tongue along the center of his ball sac. The dusting of hair there tickled my tongue, and his nuts grew taut. He was already beyond

excited for our sexy interlude.

From there, I moved on to his admirable cock. I ran my tongue up his ramrod stiff shaft. I loved the contrast of his silky-soft skin with his rock-hard erection. When my tongue reached his crown, I lapped all around his dome. I even saturated the tip of it with my spit, so it slid easily in and out of the snug circle of my lips.

As I blew him, my throat gradually opened more and more, allowing me to swallow him further. With each downstroke, his mushroom-shaped cap sank deeper into my gullet. As the seconds passed, I became hungrier for his come. I fucking craved his cream, and I knew exactly how to get it. I slipped a hand beneath his balls and pressed my knuckles to his taint. I massaged the delicate area until his hips bucked and jammed his cock upward.

"Mmmmm," I hummed.

It was more than an expression of satisfaction. Every man I'd ever blown has gone wild with a bit of vibration. Toys work, too, but there's nothing quite like a warm, wet mouth to add a pleasant buzz to a blowjob.

When Luke's ass lifted off the chair, I knew it was time to take advantage of his position. I slid my hand toward his asscrack and sought out his puckered hole. After a few brushes of my fingertips to test the waters, I could tell that Luke was open to butt play, so I wriggled a single finger inside him.

"Holy shit!" he hissed.

Luke combed his fingers through my hair and knocked out the pen keeping my bun in place. As it clattered to the floor, I felt my unruly locks cascade over my shoulders. But his hands were doing a fine job of keeping my curls from getting in the way of my work. He wound my tresses around one of his fists, tugging lightly and causing a pleasant tingle in my scalp.

His actions affirmed I was sucking him right, so I forged ahead and trusted Luke's body language would continue to direct me.

Once my finger was seated firmly inside Luke's asshole, I gave it a little wiggle. He really went wild, his grip on my hair growing tighter and his movements becoming erratic. He held on to my locks like they were reins and



expertly guided my actions.

At that point, I was no longer controlling the action. Luke was rocking his hips and masterfully monitoring our rhythm. That allowed me to wholly focus on his tool. I hummed again, harder this time. I was determined to add another luxurious layer of sensation to his experience. Since Luke was running the show, my other hand was free to softly cup his sac.

Meanwhile, the finger slithering inside Luke's asshole really had him reeling. His hips hitched while he uttered a string of nonsense words. He was clearly unable to form a complete

sentence. It was just what I wanted.

By that point, I was stroking Luke's balls and finger-fucking his ass as he furiously pumped his cock into my mouth. My eyes watered as I worked, but I didn't give a fuck. Honestly, I loved the reminder that my mouth and throat were vessels of pleasure for my big, burly boss.

When Luke's movements grew jerky, I knew he was about to burst. I relaxed my throat as much as possible and readied myself to accept his cream. As he unloaded, his jizz nearly overflowed from the corners of my lips, but I was determined not to waste a bit of it. I

sucked it all down, making certain I'd drawn out every last dollop.

I pulled back and flashed Luke a dazzling smile. He was struggling to talk, but I wasn't bothered. His satisfied face spoke volumes.

I stood and smoothed my rumpled clothes and messy hair, then I spun on my heel and headed straight for the door.

"Let me know if there's anything more you need," I said over my shoulder.

I knew it wouldn't be long before Luke called me back to his office, and I would be ready when he did.

—A.P., New York, N.Y.





GOOD TASTE

My latest lover and I had been dating for several weeks. James was fun, handsome, smart and sensitive.

Really, everything a woman could want in a boyfriend. And yes, he was a great lay, too. Our dates reliably ended with the two of us hopping into bed together. I loved the feel of his body, loved how he wasn't just into sex for his own immediate needs. He always made sure I got my share of orgasmic fulfillment.

I liked to think I was fun, too. Actually, I was sure of it. I was no prude. Every position was on the table when we got

together—including him once literally fucking me on my kitchen table. We'd done it standing, sitting, front, back and sideways.

But there was one thing we hadn't done—I hadn't done. I had never gone down on James, never sucked him off, never blown him. My mouth had not once come into contact with the rampant cock I so enjoyed reaming out my holes from every direction.

We had never talked about that particular absence from our menu of sexual activities. Certainly James had never bluntly asked me why I didn't suck his dick. He was too tactful for that.

The dearth of cocksucking was made

even more glaring by the fact that he went down on me as often as possible. He had a real taste for pussy. The moans and slurping sounds he made when his face was planted between my thighs told me how much he enjoyed munching my box. I'd come on his face more times than I could count.

So, what was my problem—if it could even be called a problem? It wasn't that I'd never sucked cock before. I had, and it had been a very special act to me. Maybe too special. It all had to do with Samuel.

Samuel was my baggage. He'd been the first serious *serious* boyfriend I'd had. We'd been way into each other, and the relationship had been very heavy. The

details of our breakup don't really matter, and I wasn't dragging around a broken heart with me. But oral sex and Samuel were still closely associated in my mind and spirit. Before him, I'd always been a little leery about sucking cock. Again, I wasn't prudish, but the act always seemed so delicate to me, even perilous. I knew some guys had similar misgivings about eating pussy. The act was too much of a mystery for them, and they were desperately afraid of doing it wrong.

With Samuel, however, everything somehow fell into place. I vividly remember the first time I tentatively took his cock in my mouth. He instantly gasped with pleasure. I ran my tongue over his cockhead and felt him shiver. I thought I might have done something to make him uncomfortable, but he relieved me of that worry when he told me, "That feels so fucking good, Kylie."

Emboldened, I licked his knob some more. Then I wrapped my lips around him and started sliding my mouth down his shaft. He groaned encouragements to me with every inch I consumed. I grew more and more confident.

When my gag reflex kicked in, he brought a gentle hand to my cheek, which was flattened in around his staff. He said, "Just pause, get used to it and let yourself adjust." It worked. I sucked him down to his base. I was deep-throating him!

After that, blowjobs were very much in the sexual rotation. I bobbed on his rod like a pro. I fearlessly drank his jizz when he shot off in my mouth. He continued to encourage me verbally. I liked when he got obscene about it and told him so, until finally he was saying things like "Yeah, you suck me hard and swallow the load I'm going to give you!"

With Samuel, I perfected the act. I could think I was the world's best cocksucker when we were together. That made it special, a unique experience in my life.

Now, I somehow felt shy about doing it with James. I felt stupid about my hang-up. But like any person, I can't always shape my emotional responses.

Even so, I was feeling a growing determination to set things right. After all, I genuinely wanted to suck James' cock, and I suspected he would seriously welcome the oral attention as well.

The next time James and I went out for a nice dinner, I picked at my food, even as I tried to keep up my half of the conversation. He seemed to sense my anxiety, but he maintained a cheerful demeanor.

As usual, we went back home together, this time to my apartment. We made tea, ignored the tea, started making out on the couch and moved quickly to the bedroom.

We undressed, and as always, I was thrilled by the sight of his toned, naked body. His cock was swiftly rising as his gaze roamed over my own bare flesh. We

remembered how it had felt to lie like this with Samuel. But Samuel wasn't there, and I didn't want him there.

There was James' cock, such a familiar piece of his anatomy to me. But I beheld it anew, up close and personal. I settled my palm softly around his balls and held him at his base with my fingers. I could see all the squiggling veins lining his shaft.

His legs settled around my shoulders. I moved my head up. My eyes flicked upward, and I saw James looking down at me. His face was flushed, and he was squirming with excitement. He was

"My tongue tip danced on his staff. A quarter inch at a time I sucked him, down and down."

climbed onto my bed, and anticipation fueled my lust.

Lying side by side, I took his fully hard cock in my hand and looked him dead in the eyes.

"Babe," I said in a breathy voice. "I want to suck you off tonight."

A happy grin lit his handsome face, but before he replied, I delivered the backstory to explain why I hadn't blown him before. As I'd figured, he wasn't jealous about Samuel. (Being jealous about your lover's exes is as stupid as it gets, in my view.) James listened, nodded and said, "OK. I get it. But, Kylie, if you still don't want to, then don't. It's fine."

That is how cool my boyfriend is: He was willing to forego getting his cock sucked if it meant I would feel better.

I was still holding his rod, feeling the lovely throb of him. A dewy drop of pre-come had oozed out onto the tip of his cockhead. I was hungry for it. Bending over, I flicked my tongue and collected the salty drop. He released a hard grunt of pleasure.

I moved down between his legs, laying myself in the enclosing cradle of his firm thighs. I remembered the position,

obviously eager for my mouth—but still, I was sure, ready to give me a free pass if I chose to back off.

But I had no intention of quitting. I unfurled my tongue and brought it to his beautiful rounded knob. I tasted a fresh drizzle of pre-come. But more so, I really felt the incredible smooth texture of his flesh, like nothing else in the world.

My tongue swirled around his crown, causing muscles to jump in his thighs and a low moan to rise in his throat. When his rod was gleaming with my spit, I sealed my lips around him. My teeth were carefully tucked back, and I drew a breath in through my nose. Then I started my way downward. His cock spread my lips into a succulent "O" shape. My tongue continued to work him. I explored the veins of his erection. My tongue tip danced on his staff. A quarter inch at a time I sucked him, down and down.

His moans turned into growls. They were happy sounds, but also animal-like. I knew how wild I got when he went down on me. It turned me into something primal. I squealed and writhed, sometimes grabbed his hair, sometimes called out obscenities. James had told



me how much he'd liked that.

I was past the halfway point. His cockhead was at the back of my tongue. Steeling myself once again, I swallowed even more of him. My throat tried to close. I felt two fast heartbeats of panic. But taking more slow breaths through my nose, I finally advanced farther. I reminded myself how much I wanted this.

Beneath the vaguely soapy scent of good hygiene lurked his primal male flavor. It filled my mouth. It made my senses swim. I was keenly aware of his taste and smell and the continuous sounds he made, the grunts and soft snarls.

I realized I'd sucked him all the way down only when I butted his body with my nose. His cockhead was in my throat, but I held him there without discomfort. I had the whole throbbing length of him in me, and his balls stirred under my palm.

I grinned inwardly—because it wasn't

the time to grin outwardly—and set my shoulders, flexed my neck muscles and earnestly set off on my mission.

Up came my head, with the ring of my lips staying sealed around him until I was just cinching his knob. Then I plunged down again, taking him all the way once more. The remembered rhythm was right there, recorded in my muscle memory.

The thrill of success sent tingles all through me. My nipples were hard, brushing against the bed's comforter. My cunt had gone slick. I pressed my pussy against the mattress, quietly humping it while I bobbed on my boyfriend's cock.

I picked up speed, and he responded as I'd hoped. He trembled and grunted with his pleasure. Even better, a few stray obscenities slipped past his lips as he encouraged me to blow him. I wanted to hear him say more dirty things, but I couldn't tell him because my mouth was

obviously already occupied.

So I simply sucked him harder and faster. The message got through.

"Yeah!" he cried out. "Suck my cock, Kylie! Suck it!"

I went for broke. I opened my eyes and saw his handsome face was etched with ecstasy. He was teetering right on the edge. I plunged down, and he shrieked, "Eat my come!"

That was music to my ears. His cream blasted across my tongue, and I swallowed every drop.

—K.S., Sarasota, Fla.

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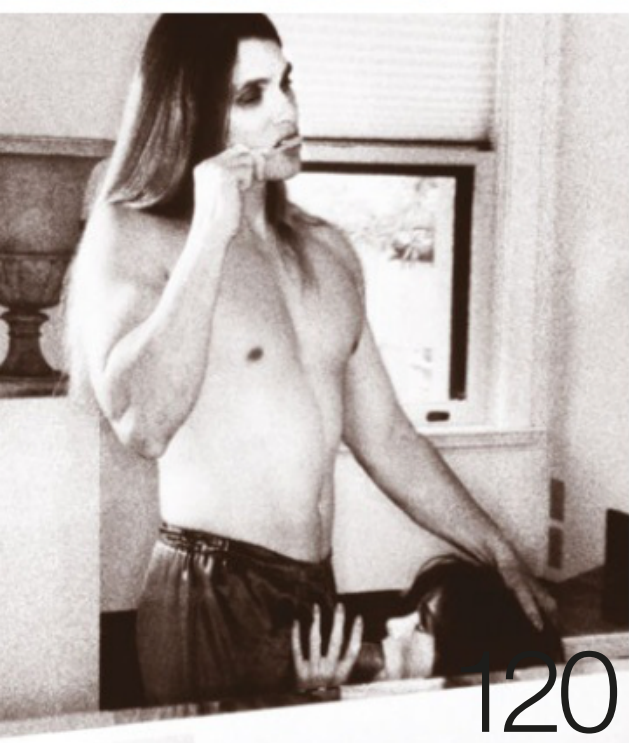


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PAYING THE PIPER

My husband was waiting for me when I came home from a night out with friends. The second I stepped into the living room, I saw him. I could also tell from the bulge in his pants that his cock was already hard, and that's when I knew I was in for it.

"Bottom in the air," he demanded as I set down my purse.

A shiver coursed through me as I stood before him in my faded jeans and formfitting sweater. I opened my mouth to respond, and Ken said, "Now!"

I shut my mouth and leaned forward, placing my hands on the seat of a nearby desk chair. My ass was up, and my forearms trembled.

"Were you a good girl while you were out?" he asked.

I smirked, playing along, and assured him, "Of course."

"Only three drinks?" he asked.

It was something he could catch me on. We'd both been trying to cut back on booze, up our intake of healthy food and get more exercise. In theory, we were going the whole nine yards of "we're not teenagers anymore—we have to do better."

Swallowing hard, I confessed, "I had four."

His hand connected with my ass, and the blow rocked me forward enough that my forehead brushed the chair's backrest. My head seemed to kiss the jaunty striped fabric.

He dragged his finger down my seat, following the seam that ran along my ass crack. I jumped when he gave me an extra tap on the rear.

"How about fried foods? Please tell me you had a healthy salad instead of junk."

I remained silent. I wanted to pretend that question was rhetorical.

Turned out, it was. But he didn't reach the conclusion I'd hoped for, even though he was correct.

"I'll take your silence as a no," Ken added. Then he delivered a hard swat to each ass cheek. Again, the blows rocked me forward, causing my head to

repeatedly kiss the chairback.

"I see you weren't nearly as good as I'd expected—or hoped," he said, matter-of-factly. "Stand up."

I rose with my legs shaking and my wrists aching from bracing myself.

Ken turned me, unbuttoned my jeans, drew down the zipper and lowered my pants. He grabbed my undies and gave them a sharp tug. The worn fabric gave up without much protest, ripping down a side seam. He did the same to the opposite side and whisked the torn panties away from my body. Then he squatted before me and unlaced my boots. When he had both loosened, I stepped out of one and then the other at his prompting, so he could also get rid of my lowered jeans.

Next, he demanded, "Top off."

"I couldn't hold back any longer. My pussy let loose its juices, and my quivering muscles milked his cock."

I tugged my sweater over my head. My face was still covered by it when he was popping the front clasp of my bra.

My nipples grew hard and tight. They seemed to be sensitive to the air moving around me.

I tossed my sweater aside, and his unforgiving eyes regarded me sternly as he said, "You were so bad." He leaned in and sniffed me, and I was suddenly filled with dread. "Smoking, too?"

I almost lied. I could have said the girls were puffing on cigarettes, and they had been. But so had I. In for a penny, in for a pound, I figured.

Despite my nerves being shredded, my pussy was thumping and aching to be filled. Yet Ken was taking his time

with me. He wasn't in the mood to deliver a short and sweet spanking to get to the good stuff. He was primed for the extended director's cut.

"I just had one. With a drink," I said, staring at him defiantly.

He laughed and leaned forward to rifle around on the desktop. Deep down, I knew what he was after, even before I saw him clutching it in his hand: my old wooden ruler.

I'd had it for most of my life. Its edges were worn smooth. A lot of the numbers were faded or nearly gone. But that thing whistled through the air as he swung it to smack his hand.

I turned as if to put my hands back on the chair seat. Best to simply take my punishment. But he caught me by the shoulder and turned me back to face him.

"Did I tell you to move?" he asked.

"No," I said softly.

"Stand up straight."

I did. But not straight enough for him. He patted my bare pussy with the cold end of the ruler.

"Straighter, darling."

I put some steel in my spine and lengthened myself as much as possible.

Ken looked me in the eyes. I got so lost in his masterful gaze that he managed to catch me off guard.

The ruler came down hard across my breasts. Both nipples sang with the pain of the wood's impact. My lips were pressed together, but that still failed to stifle my exclamation.

The ruler hurt like a beast. I knew it wouldn't injure me, but it felt as if my skin was on fire. At the same time, my pussy was swollen and drenched. I would have done anything he asked if only he'd fill me with his hard cock.

"I thought I could trust you to stay true to our plans while you were out," he lectured.

I almost smiled. We certainly weren't that strict about things at home.

"I'm sorry," I said to him with faux contriteness.

"I'm sure you are," he countered.

After that, he moved fast. He'd been relaxed while talking to me, but then his



arm came up and the ruler struck across my chest again. It left another red stripe, which was slightly off-kilter from the first.

Air whooshed out of my lungs as I gasped, and tears pricked at the corners of my eyes.

He put the ruler in his back pocket, stepped close to me and slid two fingers into my wet cunt. He wiggled his digits, and I was forced to swallow my moan.

"Don't give me those crocodile tears," he teased. "You are not nearly as miserable as you'd like me to believe."

He pushed his fingers deeper, grinding the heel of his hand against my swollen clit. The pain was fading, but the pleasure was building. I exhaled softly and shut my eyes.

"Now about this smoking," he said, withdrawing his fingers so fast I felt the void like a cold wind.

"It was one cigarette while I was drinking a beer on the patio with Marla. Just one. I didn't even finish it!" I babbled.

He nodded as if in sympathetic understanding. And then that ruler was in his hand again. This time, the flat of it came down hard on my mound, the very tip of it brushing my tender clit.

My hips bucked, and I hissed between my teeth.

He did it again, and I broke down and

begged, "Please, please."

Ken laughed darkly and delivered one more good smack to my pussy. I jumped, and he caught me by the wrist as he asked, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Please, please," I said again.

"Please, please what? Please stop? Please fuck me?"

"Yes," I said.

He laughed and turned me back toward the chair. I braced my hands on the seat again, and he planted a stripe of fire across my ass.

"Do you promise to behave next time?"

"Yes, yes!"

He landed another blow, and I felt a blazing stretch of heat in the ruler's wake.

"Don't lie to me," he chastised.

"I'm not! I promise!"

He delivered one final blow and then I heard the ruler hit the floor. He grabbed my shoulder with one hand, and his other slipped between my thighs. His fingers slid into my cunt, and I groaned. Then he pulled them free and smeared my moisture over my clit.

"Do you promise to come hard all over my dick?" he whispered.

"Yes. Fuck me, please!"

I heard his buckle jangling as he opened his belt. It was a jingly little tune

heralding the pleasure to come. But his opening zipper sounded like a roar, the swish of parting fabric like a swelling wave. He rubbed his dick along my slick groove. He drove into me so hard my body shook with the force of his movement. He reached around to once again find my clit, which was swollen and aching for his touch.

Ken fucked me like that—with me bent over and his body curved over mine. Every thrust pushed me closer to orgasm. His cock hit all the tender places deep inside my pussy. I shivered as he stroked my clit expertly. His slippery fingertips strummed my knot of flesh so perfectly; I could hardly stand the pleasure. I clenched my internal muscles as he nailed me. I couldn't hold back any longer, and I came. My pussy let loose its juices, and my quivering muscles milked his cock.

"That's it," he whispered. "That's a good girl."

Seconds later, I turned in his arms. He guided me onto my knees. One hand kept manhandling his meat as I opened my mouth. The fingers of his free hand threaded through my hair, and he pushed his rod past my lips. He drove into my mouth, pushing deeper and deeper until my lips brushed the base of his cock. I breathed deeply through my nose as his crown touched the back of my throat.

Ken was thrusting and holding my hair as I sucked him eagerly. I wanted so badly for him to come—for him to give me what I wanted: his tasty load.

He was fucking my mouth just the way he liked, and his thrusts were driving him closer to release. He tugged my hair just a little, and I gasped around his shaft. He pumped his hips harder.

I swirled my tongue, drew on his cock and did everything I knew would give him pleasure. Without being told, I reached up and cupped his balls. I stroked them, giving them a gentle squeeze, and he finally let go with a shout. The sound of his ecstasy was music to my ears as the salty rush of his cream filled my mouth.

I would drink every extra drink, smoke every forbidden cigarette, and eat every greasy food to have to pay the piper like that again—and I'd do it soon.

—C.B., Jackson, Miss.



REINED IN

Work had been stressful. I lamented to my husband that I'd love to just let go, to have one day where I could be pampered and coddled without having to make a single decision for myself.

But he didn't give me a day. He gave me a whole weekend.

It started when I walked through the door after work on a Friday evening. Julian took my briefcase and sat me on the bench in the hall to remove my shoes.

"Tonight, all of the decisions are mine to make," Julian promised. He took my hand and pulled me up to face him. "Now take off those clothes. Do it slowly. I want

to enjoy the show," he shared.

He took a step back and regarded me from under heavy-lidded eyes. Authority dripped from his usually soft and gentle voice when he issued his first command, "Start with the skirt."

Feeling instantly freer than I had in weeks, I readily obliged. I tugged open the hook and eye closure at my waistband and gradually pulled down the garment's zipper, allowing the fabric to fall to my feet.

"Now take off your shirt and put it on the bench behind you."

Eager to be naked, I scrambled to pop open my buttons. But Julian reached out to steady my hands.

"Not so fast," he chided.

He looked into my eyes and pinned me with his burning gaze as he said, "Savor the experience."

Remembering I was not in charge for the evening, I dialed it back and slowly unfastened one button at a time.

"Much better," Julian said. "I can't wait to see those beautiful breasts."

Continuing to pace myself, I casually slipped off my shirt and unclasped my bra. Since Julian didn't say where to discard the lingerie, I decided to allow gravity and the weight of the cups to do the work of baring my boobs.

But Julian interjected to say, "Don't let it fall. Place it on the bench behind you."

I should have known my neat freak husband would prefer my clothing be



folded with care. I should have expected him to chime in. After all, he did promise I wouldn't have to make a single decision, and that meant his instructions would guide my way.

"Put the skirt there, too, while you're at it," he added.

When I bent to scoop up the skirt, my bra straps slipped off my shoulders and down my arms to my wrists. I neatly gathered up the skirt and bra and arranged them on the seat. Then I turned to face my husband, wearing nothing but a thong and nylon pantyhose.

Julian's handsome face wore one of his dazzling smiles, the kind that crinkles the corners of his eyes and makes them sparkle.

"Now walk over to the couch," he demanded. "I'm going to enjoy the view of your nearly naked body."

I spun on my heel and strutted to the sofa, taking care to swing my hips. Julian has always been vocal about how much he loves my ass. He says it's juicy and sweet like a sun-ripened Georgia peach. Since he was giving me the glorious experience I'd craved, it was only fair that I show my gratitude.

As I stopped at the couch, my husband demanded, "Bend over so I can better admire your ass."

His animalistic hunger was evident in his voice.

I leaned forward, resting my hands on the back of the couch and arching my back to present my rear in the most tempting way.

He ran a palm over one cheek, then the other. He stroked my backside, and his touch was electric—even through the pantyhose I still wore. His hands then skated over to my hips and took hold of the thick elastic band that held up my hose. He peeled the filmy fabric down to just below my butt. He was so close to me I felt the warm puff of his breath fanning over my flesh.

"You are a delight, my darling," Julian said.

He nipped one cheek, nibbling the succulent flesh with his teeth before soothing it with a kiss. Next, he tugged my cheeks apart and yanked my thong aside, then he dove into my rear crevice. The warm, wet tip of his tongue circled my puckered hole, awakening my excitable nerves. Despite Julian's delicate touch,

my whole body went haywire. Pleasure radiated all through me. Tendrils of excitement traveled up my spine and swirled along my limbs. When my legs began to quake, Julian backed off.

"Careful now," he cautioned. "It's going to be a long night. We don't want you to fall to pieces too soon."

Even though I do love ass play, I knew Julian was right. Holding off my orgasm was only going to make it sweeter later on. After all, he was fulfilling my wish by taking the reins. If I wanted an evening totally free from choice, I was obligated to trust my husband and submit to his authority—no matter how badly I wanted him to continue licking my ass!

"Yes, dear," I replied obediently.

I took a deep breath as I tried—and failed—to steady my racing heart. I patiently waited for Julian to continue directing me. Thankfully, he didn't leave me hanging for long.

"Let's get you naked," he said.

He skimmed his palms from my thighs all the way down to my ankles, rolling the pantyhose over my skin as he worked. A cool breeze rushed in from a cracked open window. The air caressed my newly bared flesh, treating me to a delicious little chill that served to heighten my senses.

Julian tapped one of my ankles, prompting me to lift my foot. When I did, he freed me from the hose and turned his attention to the other side. This time, he scooted his fingers beneath the arch of my foot, lifting it himself to remove the silky fabric.

When my legs were unencumbered, Julian stood and dangled the stockings in front of me.

"I have a plan for these," he teased. "But first, we need to make your thong disappear."

He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of my G-string and slid the stretchy garment down my thighs. When his mouth was level with my ass, he laid another kiss on each butt cheek before moving on. Part of me wanted to ask if he'd give my asshole another kiss, too, but I knew that wasn't how the evening was meant to go. Instead, I exercised restraint, knowing my husband would give me an earth-shattering orgasm—as long as I kept my mouth shut!

About that need for silence. Julian must have realized I was struggling to bite my

tongue, so he decided to help me out.

"Face me," he ordered.

I obeyed and saw my thong dangling from one of his fingers. He waved it back and forth playfully.

"I am so proud of you for relinquishing control. Now, let's help you stay quiet."

He rolled the tiny scrap of fabric into a ball and said, "Open wide."

It took a second for me to process what he intended to do. But I gave myself a mental shake. Again, the evening was about me letting go, and that was what I would do. Without another thought, I

"All that mattered was me, Julian and the orgasm hurtling toward me like a runaway train."

obediently let my jaw drop.

Julian carefully tucked the crumpled thong between my parted lips. When the fabric was fully ensconced, he tapped two fingers under my chin to encourage me to close my mouth. The smell and taste of my own sex flooded my senses. It treated me to a hint of what it must be like to eat my own pussy.

But Julian had more surprises in store for me.

"Lift your arms over your head, and hold your wrists together."

The last two words had barely left his lips, and I was already reaching for the ceiling. I was desperate for Julian to fuck me, but I also wanted to make him proud. I knew carefully following his directions was a surefire way to make my man happy.

Being taller than me made it easy for Julian to wind my pantyhose around my wrists. He looped the stretchy stockings around and around, not stopping until only two tiny tails remained for tying.

"My, my look at you all trussed up. I love it," he cooed appreciatively.

He treated me to a gentle kiss on the lips, then he pulled back and said, "Now get on all fours on the couch."

Julian hadn't laid so much as a finger on my pussy, but moisture was practically gushing from my sex. It had coated my cunt lips and made my inner thighs slick. I was beyond ready for my husband to nail me.

With a guiding hand from Julian, I clambered onto the cushions and arranged myself. My arms were still bound together, but I perched myself on my elbows and arched my back.

He soon joined me on the couch, settling himself behind me. My senses were so heightened I swear could hear the teeth of his zipper pulling apart one by one.

I thought he would sink his dick into me right away, but he refrained. Instead, he gave me one final tongue bath, licking me from my asshole to my pussy. Only then did he jam his dick inside my snatch and start to pump in and out of me. He slapped one hand against my ass and moved the other around to my clit.

For the first time in a long time, my mind was blessedly blank. All that mattered was me, Julian, and the orgasm hurtling toward me like a runaway train.

The thong in my mouth couldn't absorb all of my moans. My cunt was flowing like a fucking waterfall, even as it tightly gripped Julian's cock. Before long, we became a panting, writhing mass of limbs as we were completely overwhelmed by pleasure.

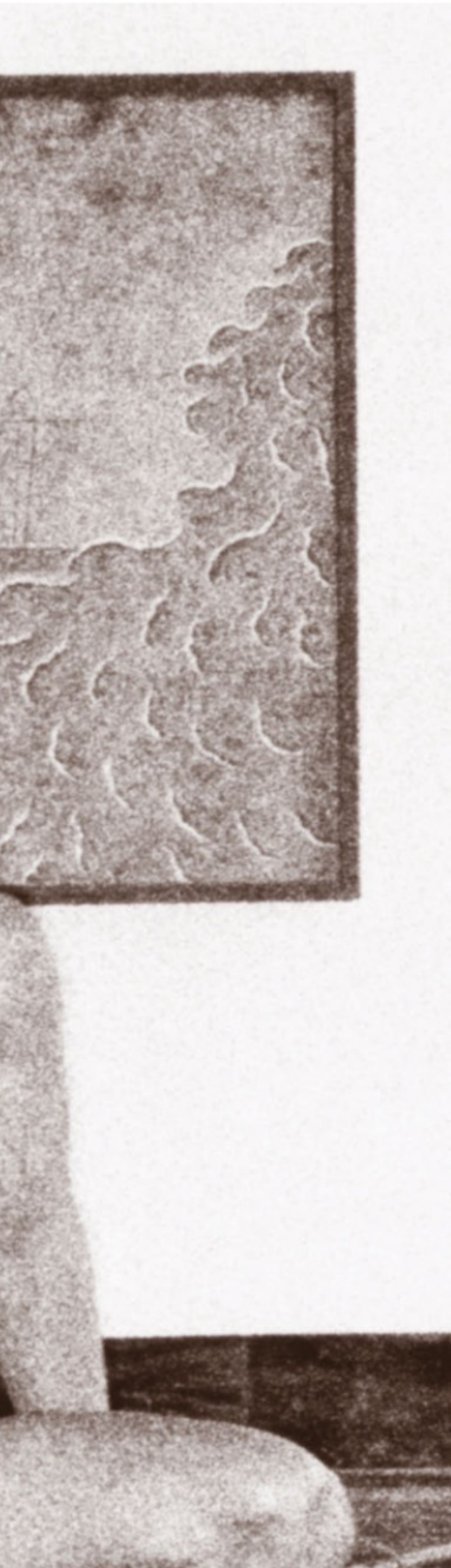
But that was only the start of a delightfully kinky weekend.

Handing over the reins to my husband was the best decision I'd ever made, and I'll gladly do it again!

—A.P., Fargo, N.D.

Some women love nothing more than surrendering control to a powerful man. Have you helped your gal's dreams of submission come true? Or are you a frisky female slave who loves nothing more than being put in her place? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





SO SLICK

A nascent cross-dresser unravels his secret cravings with the help of his wicked wife and a devious domme.

BY REED THEROD

There was a time when I never would have dreamed of dressing in my wife's clothes. I knew what cross-dressing was, of course, but it had never seemed appealing to me. If anything, it seemed like a lot of trouble—all that makeup to be applied and straps to be fastened and uncomfortable clothes. Tight corsets and tight shoes. No, thank you.

That all changed the day I saw Elizabeth's silky new robe.

I'll never forget it. It was a rainy Sunday, and like most such days, we'd spent the time inside, watching TV and cuddling. Elizabeth had just finished her shower, and I'd gone in the bathroom to take my turn after stripping in our bedroom.

I found her standing in front of the sink, brushing out her gorgeous black hair, and she was wearing that robe. The sight of it hit me with incredible force. It wasn't anything special. I knew the robe was some synthetic material rather than real silk, and I recognized the bright floral pattern might be considered gaudy by some. I knew Elizabeth had recently bought it from the mall on a trip to buy stuff for the house. Probably it was half-priced and she'd purchased it on impulse, attracted by the colors.

But something about the sight of my wife in that billowing cloud of silkiness awoke something in me. I found myself stepping up behind her and putting my arms around her waist. Part of that was simply affection, but I also wanted to feel the robe's texture against my naked skin. At that moment, I wanted it very badly. I felt my cock swelling and my nuts tightening as I pressed my middle into the coolness of the robe. My nipples stiffened as the fabric caressed them. My cock found the crevice of Elizabeth's sheathed ass, and I pushed against it with a firm, steady rhythm.

It felt incredible. The smooth, almost slippery sensation of the robe against my dick reminded me of the bliss of penetrating Elizabeth's tight pussy. But it was also different; the rubbing of the robe against my meat was strangely tantalizing. I had to resist the urge to start slamming myself against her ass until I exploded. I have no doubt if I'd stood there much longer, that's exactly what would have happened.

"Mmm," Elizabeth purred, arching her back. "That's nice. Somebody's excited tonight." She reached down and closed her fingers around my cock and its surrounding folds of fabric, pleasuring me while encouraging my thrusts. "How about you give me some more of this?" she asked, tweaking my cockhead. "I could use it."

Well, I certainly wasn't unwilling. I let Elizabeth take my hand and guide me to the bed. She shouldered off the robe, letting it fall to the floor in a multicolored pile. It occurred to me that her naked body looks more delicious to me every time I see it. In a matter of seconds, I was in bed with her, tasting her skin and lips. Elizabeth's excitement matched my own. She slid her long nails over my shoulders and groaned softly in my ear as my cock found entry and plunged home. We enjoyed two rounds of fucking that night, taking our time and rediscovering all the things about one another's bodies that had so excited us at the beginning of our relationship.

And yet I couldn't help but feel—not disappointed, but strangely discontented.



As though there were even more pleasures we might have enjoyed, had we just taken a little longer. I couldn't understand the emotion, and it made me feel a little guilty. I sat up thinking for a long while, but came to no real conclusions. Finally, I gave it up for the night. I rolled over and joined my wife in peaceful slumber.

As the days progressed, I thought more and more about that night, replaying the details in my mind. I finally came to realize Elizabeth's robe was the missing piece. Or, more precisely, the sight of myself in the mirror, wrapped in that brightly colored silkiness. I remembered the smoldering look in my reflection's eyes, staring back at me like a predatory cat hungry for its prey. Like a gorgeous, highly sexed woman in search of a lover for the night. My hair was short while hers was long, but that was an easy enough correction to make with the help of my imagination. Somehow, my reflection merged in my mind with that of Elizabeth, smiling and welcoming me into bed. I couldn't get it out of my

mind, and yet it seemed like I'd never experienced anything like it.

Or had I? The more I thought about it, the more I realized perhaps it shouldn't have been a surprise at all because I'd had a very similar experience only a few years earlier.

Back when I was in college, I dated a girl named Rose—a cute Korean with a penchant for exactly the same kind of flowered robes Elizabeth loved. She had quite a collection and seldom wore anything else at home. She would pad around her off-campus apartment in one after we'd finished making love, her black hair done up in a bun speared through with a chopstick. I loved the look; I thought it was both sophisticated and burningly sexy.

One morning when she was in the shower, I took one of her robes from where it hung on a hook on her bedroom door. I didn't know what exactly I thought I was doing, but I couldn't help myself. I put on the robe and wrapped its belt tightly around my waist, all the while staring at myself

in Rose's mirror. The silk, I remember, was of considerably better quality than Elizabeth's robe. It was also still warm from Rose's body, still fragrant with her scent, and I loved the feeling that my lover was somehow enfolding me in a tight embrace. I raised a hand to my chest, pressing the silk against my nipples, rubbing it up and down to produce a gentle, irresistible friction. My cock stiffened under the robe, rising up to let me wrap my fingers round it. It would have been so easy to jerk myself off then and there. In fact, that was exactly what I'd wanted to do. The sight of myself in the mirror was so strangely hot I couldn't stand it. Finally, I heard the shower go silent. I immediately shrugged off the robe and hung it back on the door. Then I climbed back into Rose's bed and closed my eyes until she came in to join me.

Eventually, Rose transferred schools and moved home to New York, and I never had the chance to repeat that experience. I had always assumed my excitement back then was from smelling



and feeling Rose's presence. But apparently that might not have been entirely true, seeing how Elizabeth's robe could awaken the same type of feelings!

The question I faced now was: What would I do next? I was more than a little embarrassed by this strange obsession of mine, though I knew my wife would support me in anything. Elizabeth had her own kinks, and I didn't think mine would freak her out. Finally, I decided to put that supposition to the test.

That Friday night, Elizabeth was scheduled to work late. I waited until about half an hour before she was due back home and dug her robe out of the closet. I was more turned on than I'd been in ages. When I put the robe on, I saw a slowly spreading drop of darkness on the silk where my pre-come was being absorbed. The silky fabric fluttered teasingly around my cock like it was welcoming an old lover.

As I glanced in the bedroom mirror, I was a little afraid to do more than that. But when I saw my smile, I felt a rush of warmth and pleasure. I slid under the covers and shut my eyes, letting my breathing find a low, even rhythm. When I heard the door open and Elizabeth's footsteps whisper on the carpet, I experienced another surge of excitement. I reached between my legs and fingered my cock and balls.

Elizabeth said nothing as she entered our bedroom. It wasn't uncommon for me to fall asleep early, after all. Covered as I was by the blankets, she wouldn't immediately see her robe. But when she did, how would she react? Would she gasp or cry out? I shut my eyes tighter and waited to find out.

I felt her weight settle on me and the slightest touch of a kiss on my ear. Then Elizabeth took hold of the covers and pulled them off me. For a moment, there was nothing but silence. Then I felt her hand lovingly caress my shoulder.

"Well," she said softly. "What's this, huh?"

As hard as I tried, I couldn't think of a reply. I opened my eyes and looked up into hers. The impish smile on her lovely face made my heart race.

"You look wonderful," she told me. Suddenly, I found myself tumbling back into that fantasy of being someone else,

a beautiful other person whose identity I could assume simply by putting on a robe.

The scene came to hold more and more of a place in my heart—and my libido. Elizabeth and I began acting out the scenario of her "discovering" me in her robe more and more often—until it became a regular feature of our sex life. It got so that every morning she would wake me up with a gentle caress, whispering in my ear how incredibly hot I was in my pretty silky robe.

I couldn't get enough of it. If you've ever had anyone willing to indulge you in

"When at last she did finger-fuck me, it was incredible. I felt like a rod was piercing me."

a slightly off-center fantasy—actually take you into it so perfectly that it temporarily becomes your reality—you know what it meant to me.

And I wanted more. I didn't just want to put on Elizabeth's robe. I wanted her to make me Elizabeth and take me as her double. I wanted her to fuck me as Elizabeth. It got to the point where I was regularly jerking off while thinking about this notion, and it was only a matter of time before I approached my wife about my rampant fantasies.

Her response was both immediate and positive.

"Here," she said, handing me the robe. "Put it on for me. I want to see you in it."

I took off my shirt and let the slick robe fall around my shoulders. It felt incredible. I let Elizabeth run her hand over my ass, her nails grazing my cheeks. She squeezed lube onto her fingers, rubbing them together and pressing them deep into my asshole, giving my prostate a shock.

"Here it comes," she whispered. "Gonna fuck you good, honey."

I inhaled sharply, hardly able to believe what I was hearing. I was getting steadily more aroused, unable even to think.

When at last she did finger-fuck me, it was incredible. I felt like a rod was piercing me through to the core. I didn't want it to end.

"Whose girl are you?" she asked.

"Yours," I whispered.

"Damned right. I'm going to make you my girl. All the way down to your toenails."

I was amazed by how powerful an experience it was. I felt my load bubbling up inside my balls, getting ready to spill. If Elizabeth so much as breathed on me, I knew I would squirt all over myself. It was like I was being completely remade, and I loved it.

I couldn't help but wonder what the next step in my journey would be. I did some online searches for dominants, and I liked what I read. Pretty soon I had scheduled consultations with some of these ladies—with Elizabeth's approval. She readily gave her consent, which was conditional on me giving her all the lip-smacking details of my encounters.

I secured an appointment with a certain Mistress Shawna, a leggy woman with dark blonde hair and penetrating green eyes. She described herself as having a bit of a thing for helping cross-dressers through gender-bending adventures. Also, she advertised herself as being from London, and that helped me make my decision. I've always had a thing for British accents. It wouldn't be right to say I fell in love with her, but I certainly did develop a bit of a crush. She had an elegant, flirtatious manner that won me over instantly.

Shawna set me down in her receiving room and gave me a good talking-to.

"So, you like cosplaying as your wife, would that be fair to say?"

I admitted that would be fair.

"And you like it when she fucks your tight little ass?" Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she grilled me.

"Yes," I said, already trembling.

"Then let's see what we can do for you," Shawna said with a wicked smile. "I think I have some lovely femme things



you might like very much.”

She got something out of a closet that nearly made my heart stop. It was a beautiful silk robe, very much like Elizabeth’s. But it incorporated more red than blue shades. Instead of commanding me to strip, Shawna undressed me herself, slowly unbuttoning my shirt and taking down my trousers. Then she draped the robe over my shoulders and stepped back, looking me over from top to toe.

“There,” she said. “Now that’s something we can work with, I think.”

It was an intoxicating experience. I loved “being Elizabeth,” but putting myself so completely in Shawna’s hands made me warm all over. I wanted to be this woman’s plaything, to be completely at her mercy. I wanted that very badly.

Next, came my makeup. Shawna got out her kit and began working me over, applying mascara, lipstick and rouge. Then she brushed out a wig that was a perfect match for Elizabeth’s mane and invited me to take a look at myself in the mirror.

I gasped. I looked remarkably like my wife—to an extent that startled me.

“Do you think you’re pretty?” she asked kindly.

“Yes,” I said, trembling all over.

“Good. Then let’s move on.”

That meant moving on to getting fucked, as it turned out. Shawna rubbed warm baby oil onto her hands and began working over my buns. She massaged my ass in a way that made me moan. She reached under my robe and began playing with my cock in a deliciously teasing way, tweaking my dickhead and hefting my balls in her warm, oil-slickened hands. My ass itched inside, longing to be pierced.

I found myself breathing hard, trying to maintain control when all I wanted to do was shove my rigid cock into Shawna’s welcoming clutch and soak her palms with my cream. But each time I began pushing, she whispered, “Easy, darling, easy.” I recognized her words as a warning, and I obeyed them. I wanted to please my mistress.

Eventually, Shawna slid her oiled thumb into my asshole. I couldn’t help it; I cried out, stumbling forward a step or two.

“All right, love. That’s all right,” she cooed, reaching out to catch me. She

didn’t stop thumb-fucking me, though. She continued digging her slick digit into me, effortlessly working my inner pleasure-places.

Meanwhile, my cock was being mercilessly tantalized by the dangling folds of the robe. A simple side step was all it took to send the garment swishing against my meat. It was simultaneously delicious and unbearable. If you can imagine being continuously masturbated with absolutely no way of pressing home to blessed orgasm, that’s pretty much what it felt like.

But Shawna soon began to up the ante, applying more pressure to my ass while sliding her slick fingers over my

“I wanted this beautiful, cruel woman to be the one to send me toppling over the brink.”

dick. I wanted to come very badly then. I wanted this beautiful, cruel woman to be the one to send me toppling over the brink to climax.

“I love you,” I gasped.

“What’s that, darling?”

“I love this—all of it.”

“That’s better,” Shawna said with a smile. “Much better. So much better, in fact, I’ll let you give me a little present.”

I knew what she meant without having to be told. Good thing, too, because I had pretty much reached my limit as far as self-control. Even as Shawna was saying the word “present” and began tickling my balls with the chiseled tips of her perfectly enameled nails, I felt a luscious pulsing sensation in my groin that told me I was already coming.

Now, about coming. There’s something about doing it in the presence of a woman. There’s something else about doing it in the presence of a woman like Shawna.

I mean, she totally controlled my nut at that moment. That soft, elegantly accented voice of hers—telling me how lovely I was in my robe and makeup, telling me how absolutely, utterly hot I was and how she could barely keep her hands off me—was incredible.

And the way she called me “Elizabeth” the whole time—sort of personalizing it—that didn’t exactly hurt the process. Anyway, once it started, there was no stopping it. I felt cream draining out of me, what felt like at least a cup of hot white jizz. Possibly more, quite possibly less. You know how your imagination runs away with you sometimes? But I saw it. A very sizable puddle on the floor, making Shawna’s red-painted toes all sticky. She shook her head at me, with that wonderful little half-smile of hers.

“Now, Elizabeth darling, look what you’ve done. You’ve made the most awful mess,” she chided.

With an amazingly graceful motion, she stepped over to me and swatted my ass. I gasped. It shouldn’t surprise you to hear I couldn’t help it. It didn’t hurt—but oh, I felt the sensation of her slap all up and down my spine.

Shawna’s smile persisted. So did the spanking.

“Didn’t you? Didn’t you make a mess, you awful girl?”

“Yes—ow! Y-yes, Mistress Sh-sh…”

“Sh-sh-what? Who am I? What’s my name?”

“Mistress Shawna…ow!”

“All right, I’ll accept that. Now, look what Mistress Shawna has for her lovely girl.”

She held out something small and kind of rounded. Something black and solid that gleamed in her hand. Something I had only seen in the ad section of certain magazines.

A beautiful, shiny black butt plug.

Now Mistress Shawna’s smile was positively evil.

“Want this?”

“Yes, Mistress Shawna.”

“I thought you might. Come along, then.”

“Yes, Mistress Shawna.”

I did, and that was a thrilling backdoor adventure.

Now, I have two wicked ladies eager to indulge my passions. I’m twice as lucky as any guy has a right to be. 





PURRFECTION

BRITNEY IS THE CAT'S MEOW!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIZZY CASH











“WANT SOME TAIL?”
—BRITNEY





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SHOWTIME

No one would have ever pegged my girlfriend, Janet, as the kind of girl who'd be into showing off her feet. I met her senior year when we were both working at the college library. She was petite and pretty, with long brown hair and glasses—certainly not mousy, which is a word often attached to female librarians. Instead, she had an abstract quality suggesting she was always thinking deep thoughts, but she also had a wicked sense of humor.

We'd been dating maybe five months and were right at that point where we were just getting really comfortable with each other. Comfortable enough that we'd stopped worrying too much

about whether the other considered anything we did or said was weird. At that time, Janet's thing was watching adult movies online, and if you've spent any time at all doing that, you know some of them go into kind of odd territory—and the fetish-related stuff is the least of it.

Well, one night Janet was on the couch, watching videos on her tablet, and I was reading a mystery novel. Suddenly, I looked over and saw Janet had her tablet balanced on her tummy and was struggling to get her socks off.

Once they were off, she tossed them to the floor. She slowly lifted both feet, rotating them at the ankle and energetically wiggling her perfect piggies, like she was a dancer doing a

complicated warm-up routine.

"Do you think they're pretty?" she asked, tilting her head and examining her peds out of the corner of one eye.

"Yeah," I said, quite honestly. "You've got great feet, hon."

She did, too. They were nicely shaped, with tapered toes, narrow ankles and soft, beautifully arched soles. I'd always loved her feet and often thought it was a pity she didn't go barefoot more often.

Janet looked pleased, but then she held up her tablet and asked, "Prettier than this girl's?"

She played me a brief snippet of a blonde holding up her feet the way my girl had just been doing. The model was wiggling her toes, making kissy-

faces and trying to look sexy. She was a nice enough looking chick. But I can't think of much to say about her other than that she was blonde. Her feet were nice, but her toes were kind of stubby, and I've never thought that was particularly hot, foot-wise. Still, what are you going to do?

"This girl," Janet said, "claims she makes, like, a thousand bucks a month selling pictures of her tootsies." She wiggled her own toes again, right as the girl on the screen was doing the same. "That's good money."

And that was that. I went back to my book, and Janet went back to her videos, foot-related and otherwise. In due course, we went to bed and had some unusually nice sex. Her feet didn't play into our shenanigans, but I couldn't help but wonder if the video she'd shown me had excited her more than she had let on.

Not long after that, Janet launched her own website dedicated to her feet. Pretty soon, she had another where people could sign up to give her "donations." I thought it was funny. But our sex life as a couple got better and better from that time onward. As I plowed her with my steely cock, Janet would moan and writhe underneath me, fingering her nipples. Now and then, she'd rise up and bite my shoulder—sometimes a little hard.

I found I kind of liked that. Sex with Janet had always been good, but her new attitude had me hurrying home from work so we could get an early start on our nights of fucking.

Anyway, I chalked up her jump-started libido to the success of her new business. I figured if things continued to go well, maybe she could quit working at the library and do it full-time.

After a couple more months passed, that's exactly what happened. Of course, we were two frugal students living in a sleepy college town, and our expenses were pretty low. But we got to go out to dinner more frequently, and Janet did some extra clothes shopping. To us, her online income was impressive.

Emboldened, Janet soon branched off into other kinds of foot-related photos and videos. In one, she talked about how hot and smelly her feet





were, affecting a deep, husky voice as she described how nasty her ballet flats got after just a few days. There was apparently a big audience for ballet flat material.

Another clip consisted of a close-up of one of her soles, while I—discreetly and off-camera—ran a feather over them. And you'd never have known it from her normally sober demeanor, but Janet was hella ticklish. She giggled all through the scene, while she begged me not to tickle her “poor, cute little feet.” That particular video left my dick aching hard and left her gasping and damp with sweat—much like the fuck-session that followed.

Showing off her feet to strangers seemed to leave her in a state of permanent arousal, which was apparently contagious. Again, I was not complaining about this development.

Anyhow, Janet's horny public ate up her performances—and demanded more. Some of the fan mail she got was pretty wild. Her viewers were certainly passionate. I think they understood that Janet—unlike, say, the blonde—really liked what she was doing and didn't think anyone was weird for enjoying her flaunting her feet.

One night she told me she had an idea for a new video. She had already expanded from bare feet and ballet flats to stocking feet and other kinds of shoes. Naked soles would always be hot, she said. But different footwear offered her the opportunity to make a ton of varied videos without going to the trouble of getting other girls to work with her. After all, she reasoned, you only had one pair of feet, but you could have as many shoes as you could fit in your closet!

I pointed out she still had to actually buy the shoes, but she simply smiled and said, “Tax write-off.”

The new video my sweetie had in mind involved her changing from one pair of shoes to another, then another, and so on before she finished up barefoot. Kind of like a continuous striptease, she said. She wanted to do a run-through for me first, without filming it. Just to gauge my reaction.

“What do you think?” she asked eagerly. But before I could tell her

what a cool idea I thought it was, she was scampering off to the bedroom to gather up an armload of her latest shoe-store acquisitions and some old favorites.

And with that, as they say, we were off to the races.

Janet started the show naked, but for a pair of those chunky suede boots that were in fashion not too long ago. She didn't wear her pair much. Like the ballet flats, they tended to get a little rank after a while. Also like the flats, they had a big following among Janet's constituents for that very reason. It was a funny to see her sashaying around the living room in the chunkers—as we always called them—trying to look like Miss Sexy. But the affect was

“I was rubbing Janet's feet, enjoying the leathery scent that lingered on her skin as she groaned with pleasure.”

undeniable. I might have been softly chuckling to myself, but the sight of my girl in those boots had me grinding the heel of my palm against the bulge in my pants.

Finally, Janet sat down and pulled off the boots to reveal feet clad in shimmering, silky hose. She lifted a foot up to show me her sole, giving me a smoldering look.

“Wish you could smell this,” she whispered as she dangled one boot from her finger with a look of mock disgust on her face. “It's just awful!” Then that was it for the chunkers. She tossed them aside and quickly wrestled herself into a pair of thigh-high boots, like something a '60s go-go dancer would wear. The effect this time was quite a bit more sexy.

“Power to the people, man,” she purred, flashing me a quick peace sign.

Then off came those and the hose, which were quickly replaced with a pair of nylon no-shows. After that, she slipped on a pair of classic stilettos and strutted around the room. Next, she ditched the heels and no-shows and stepped into high-heeled sandals. I noticed she hadn't completely fastened the little buckles on the straps, but she was on her feet again before I could warn her to be careful.

Janet, as you've probably noticed, moved kind of quickly.

“Feels so nice to air out my toes,” she sighed, pirouetting before me. Then, in what she apparently envisioned as a kind of grand finale, she jumped on the bed and did a high-kick with both legs, sending the sandals flying into the air. They landed with a thud on either side of her. That, of course, was the reason she hadn't fastened the buckles.

“Ta-daaa!” she cried, spreading her arms. “Well? Do you think it'll be a hit?”

“It'll be a best-seller,” I said sincerely. And—not to jump ahead or anything—it actually did become one of her best performing clips.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

After she'd finished her stellar demonstration, she pulled one foot into her lap and rubbed it.

“Good, now how about you come over here and give me a foot massage? Us girlbosses need some pampering.”

A few moments later, I was rubbing Janet's feet, enjoying the leathery scent that lingered on her skin as she groaned with pleasure.

“Are you developing a foot fetish of your own?” Janet asked slyly.

Was I?

I lifted one of her perfect peds and helped myself to a taste of Janet's toes, making her giggle a little.

Yes, I think I definitely was. But fortunately, her kinks were perfectly in step with mine.

After a few more licks, my cock was impossibly stiff. I tore off my clothes and plunged my erection into her syrupy pussy. We fucked like crazy and came in no time flat. But lucky for us, the night was still young.

—K.D., Seattle, Wash.



TIED IN KNOTS

Cameron's nerves always got the better of him. He'd get worked up about the strangest things, and it fell on me to help him calm down. At least, that's how I saw it.

We were out at our favorite place for date night, and he could not sit still to save his life.

"You need to take a deep breath and try to relax," I said, waving the waiter over.

I ordered us two gin and tonics and an appetizer while he adjusted his chair, straightened the salt and pepper shakers, shook out his napkin, and generally fussed about.

"I'm nervous," he said.

"No kidding," I shot back.

Cameron pressed his lips together,

then sort of frowned at me.

"This interview that's coming up. It's nerve-wracking," he confessed.

"Why? You go in. You tell them what you do. You razzle, you dazzle, you flash that charming smile to seal the deal, and the job is yours."

Shaking his head, he sighed and said, "You make it sound so easy. And you would certainly do that well. But I'm a whole other kind of person."

The waiter put down our drinks and our appetizer. Then he took our entrée orders and walked away, I looked at my fiancé and said, "Drink your drink. Relax a bit."

He drank his drink but didn't relax.

I ordered him a second, and by the end of our meal, I knew what I had to do.

"I ordered us dessert," I said.

He shifted in his seat and whined, "Can't we just go?"

Beneath the table, I put my hand on his knee and squeezed hard. Hard enough that he winced.

"I said, I ordered us dessert. You'll sit here and eat your cake like a good boy."

His face flushed pink, and he shifted again. But I could tell it was for an entirely different reason. My bossy demeanor had flicked a switch in him, and he was well aware of what was in store for him when we got home. He gave me a curt nod, and I swept my hand up to his crotch. His cock was as hard as a steel rod, which pleased and aroused me.

When the cake came, he dutifully picked up a fork and began to eat.

"Good boy," I whispered, already



plotting our evening's play in my head.

When we got home, he started undressing, while I rummaged in my closet. I emerged with a handful of neckties. We'd found them at a second-hand shop. They were vintage silk, so vibrant they'd complement an array of eye-assaulting '70s outfits.

At the time, Cameron had said, "Who's going to wear those? I don't wear ties and neither do you."

I almost teased him by telling him I'd wear them in my hair. But instead, I'd leaned over and whispered. "You'll be wearing them, while you're otherwise naked."

One glance at his pants told me his dick had gone instantly hard.

I enjoyed that memory as Cameron's nervous eyes studied me. Sitting on the bed, he wore nothing but boxer briefs, which made it quite obvious that his cock was still as hard as stone.

"You're going to give up control and relax," I said. "I'll take care of you."

I kissed him gently, but I quickly turned it rough, biting his lower lip hard enough to make him whimper.

Brushing my hand over his erection, I ordered, "Do as I say, and you'll be rewarded. Otherwise, I'll leave you even more jacked up than when we started. Got it?"

He nodded vigorously.

I splayed my fingers on his bare chest, feeling the thrum of his racing heart. I pushed him back and said, "Underwear off. Spread eagle."

He dutifully obeyed, reclining and extending his arms and legs to the four corners of the mattress.

I worked quickly, affixing his wrists to the bed frame with the silk ties. I chose the longest ties for his arms and tied them off as near to the ends as I could, leaving almost a tie's worth of slack on each limb, but he was still bound.

Next, I tied his ankles, and when I had him all trussed up the way I wanted, I stood back to study him. My pussy was wet, my nipples erect and my heart pounding.

"I think you should make it better," I said. He looked confused and then panicky that he was confused. "For making our date night so nervous and tense."

I crawled up the bed and straddled

his prone figure as I worked my way up his body. Every few inches, I briefly sank down on him, so he could feel the wetness and heat of my aroused pussy on his bare skin.

"Put your arms down," I said.

He lowered them, placing them as close to his sides as he could. I'd given him enough slack in his bonds for that very reason. Straddling his shoulders, I pushed my sex to his face and said, "Make it better."

I didn't have to tell him twice. He pushed his face against my pussy, which was already slick with excitement. He found me with his tongue and lapped at my slit. When he hit my clit in just the right way, I moaned with abandon. My

**"Seeing him
helpless to resist his
passion made my
cunt so much
wetter—and made
me so much hornier."**

helplessly happy sounds seemed to encourage him. Cameron zeroed in on my button, working feverishly to delight me. He swirled his talented tongue over my pussy, sliding along my folds and caressing my clitoris. I tugged his hair, and he hissed. I did it again, and he groaned.

The whole scene was too exciting. When I came, I pressed my crotch fully against his face for a moment, making him gasp for air. Then I slowly moved down his body. When we were face-to-face, I dragged my tongue along his juice-slickened chin, which elicited another groan from him.

His cock was beyond hard, and when I got to it, I swirled my tongue around its tip. Just to drive him mad.

"It seems you liked that," I said. "You've made a good start toward making amends, but let's deal with your cute little ass before we move on."

A paddle was tucked in my nightstand drawer for just such occasions. I pulled it free, and his expression was an interesting mix of dread and excitement.

I rocked him to one side and delivered five fast blows to one of his bare buns. Then I let him flop onto his back. He bucked and gasped and made a lot of noise, but his cock stayed as hard as ever. I straddled his lower legs and blew on his dick. His body jerked, and I dipped my head to suck his crown into my mouth. I withdrew just as quickly as I'd descended and pulled his left hip up to swat his other ass cheek. Those blows were as fast and hard as the previous ones, and he wiggled and fought just as much.

Once more, I let his body drop to the mattress. He whimpered through closed lips and bucked his hips upward like he was fucking the air.

I straddled his pelvis and lowered my wet, hot pussy. When my slippery snatch made contact with his cock, he gasped again.

As I sank onto his rod, I warned, "Don't you come. I'm not done with you yet."

He flailed his arms, waving the lengths of knotted neckties, and somehow that was as hot as fuck to me. Clutching his biceps, I took all of his erection inside my pussy. I rolled my hips from side to side and enjoyed the feeling of him nestled deep inside me. His crown brushed my G-spot, which felt swollen and eager.

Cameron was the most beautiful boy when he was caught somewhere between pleasure and pain, so I reached beneath his ass and pinched him fast and hard.

He bellowed, his hips jerking upward as much as they could under my weight.

I pinched him again, and he hissed and bucked. Seeing him helpless to resist his passion made my cunt so much wetter—and made me so much hornier.

I rocked against him, encouraging his cock to hit all of the perfect places inside me. I was teetering on the edge of another climax. I hung my head, letting my long hair tickle his belly and watching his overstimulated abs gallop and jump at the sensation.

I slowed to nearly a stop and clenched my pussy around him. He



moaned longingly, so I asked him, “Do you want to come, Cam? Do you want to let go, baby?”

I once more squeezed him hard with my internal muscles as I teasingly cooed, “Do you want to explode? Do you want to burst?”

“God, please. Please. Yes,” he babbled.

I moved up and down slowly, relishing every slide of him inside my wet channel. I clenched once more, feeling a fluttering rush of pleasure. I squeezed my cunt again and again. Then I leaned forward slightly, so every time I sank down, my clit brushed his body. When he drove up from beneath me in his desperation,

my orgasm overwhelmed me. A loud, long cry fell from my lips, and my pussy quivered around his shaft. He was drenched with my overflowing juices.

“Do you want to come in my pussy? Or in my mouth?”

“Mouth,” he breathlessly confessed.

“You’ll behave and be calmer? You’ll relax and let go?”

He nodded eagerly as his body practically vibrated with electricity. I thought I sensed a fine tremor working through him as he hovered on the edge of a body-shaking explosion.

“Good, boy,” I said, before leaning down and kissing his nose.

I dragged my tongue down his chest

and his taut belly, finding my way to his erection. I sucked his rod between my lips, making his body quake with need. I pulled back, using my hand to stroke his shaft in my mouth’s wake. I drew on him feverishly, liking the way he trembled.

Fast strokes of my hand—combined with the magic of my mouth—had Cameron coming in no time. As he jerked and blew his load, his salty release coated my tongue. I moved up to lie next to him, trailing a finger down his belly.

“Feeling relaxed?” I asked.

“More than you’ll ever know,” he sighed contentedly.

—R.W., Kansas City, Mo.



KINKY TRIO

My wife and I recently celebrated a decade of marriage—and many years of kinky adventures. As newlyweds, Sybil and I were pretty vanilla. But happily that changed when we made friends with some local kinksters. From that point on, we started to explore many of our bondage and discipline fantasies, and soon realized we're both switches.

Physically speaking, we are both fit and in our early 40s. Sybil is a petite brunette with dark, smoldering eyes and natural C-cup tits with gumbdrop-like nipples. I'm tall, Latino, and still have the fit physique I'd honed during my days as a college jock. These days, we're both remote workers for big corporations.

Anyway, these past five years have garnered many exciting firsts for us both, but a true tipping point was when we opened our marriage. Sybil is bisexual, and I'd be lying if I didn't say how incredibly aroused I get when my wife tells me about her college hookups with other gals. Needless to say, when she asked me how I felt about a threesome for our latest anniversary, I was all for it. We were relaxing on a lazy Saturday afternoon at home when she brought up the subject.

"I'll book the room. You pick the girl," Sybil said. "I got the name of a reputable escort agency from a friend. You can pick one of their girls, if you want."

"Are you sure you want me to pick?" I asked.

"I trust you," she said with a sweet kiss. "You'll be in charge."

"OK, so then what would you say if I took that to heart?"

"What do you mean?"

I tapped the screen on my phone and motioned for her to take a look at an item I'd been eyeing.

"Are those vibrating panties?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, and I can control them through an app on my phone."

Sybil's eyes lit up, and she insisted, "We need these."

With a few swipes of my finger, the order was placed, and I was pleased to say, "They'll be here in time for our anniversary."

"I can't wait," she gushed as she settled herself in my lap.

I stroked Sybil's bare thigh and made my way underneath her robe, teasing her pussy lips.

"I can't either. You're gonna be the wettest little nympho ever."

I managed to resist the temptation to use the panties until our big night. And I'd arranged for us to meet Elena, our date for the evening, at a hotel lounge.

As we waited for Elena, Sybil surveyed the bar and checked out every woman who arrived.

"This is so hot! I'm wet already," she gushed.

Sybil had paired her special panties with a backless black halter dress that nicely showed off her flawless skin.

“Sybil positioned Elena on her back on the mattress, then got on all fours and started eating the escort’s pussy.”

"Is that a hint, hmm?" I whispered in her ear before kissing her neck. "Do you want me to tease you right here in public?"

"Fuck yes," Sybil breathlessly replied before downing the rest of her martini.

"OK, I will. But let's play a game. When I see Elena coming, I'll dial up the intensity."

Sybil agreed, and I sent a short but intense pulse of vibrations directly to her clit, giving her a jolt.

Luckily, she didn't have to wait too much longer for extra fun. Elena arrived five minutes later, clad in a sexy red dress. My wife and I are both into boobs, so I'd picked a naturally busty brunette who described herself as kink-friendly and said she loved couples. As Elena's eyes caught mine, she

smiled. I waved her over—and dialed up the vibrations provided by Sybil's panties.

My girl gasped. Pleasure was written all over her face.

I shook Elena's hand, and smiling Sybil muttered, "It's—so...mmm...nice to meet you."

"Likewise," Elena said, leaning in and giving her a kiss on the cheek. "You are gorgeous. Your husband is very lucky."

I tapped my phone again to send more vibrations to Sybil, who gasped softly.

"You have the most sensual lips," Elena said as Sybil squirmed helplessly.

Elena flashed me a look, and when I nodded, she leaned in to kiss my aroused wife, who eagerly kissed her back.

"Let's take this party upstairs, ladies. What do you both think?"

"Agreed," said Elena.

My blushing wife nodded, and the three of us rushed to the elevator. Once we were in the privacy of the car, I sent another pulse of vibrating pleasure to my wife.

Elena embraced Sybil, and they began making out. The horny escort traced the outlines of my wife's stiff nipples with her fingertips.

Once we were in our hotel room, the ladies wasted no time undressing each other. But at my request, they left on Sybil's special undies for the moment.

"Do you mind if I just watch for a while, babe? I've always wanted to see you in action," I said to my wife.

"Not at all," she replied, caressing our date's pendulous breasts.

I sat at the foot of the bed and watched my wife strip off Elena's thong, leaving the curvy escort completely nude. I was too horny for words. As much as I had every urge to jerk my cock, I didn't want to shoot off too soon.

Sybil positioned Elena on her back on the mattress, then got on all fours and started eating the escort's pussy. I had a great view of my wife's tongue darting in and out of Elena's snatch. She was shaved bare, exposing her succulent sex to my cunt-hungry wife. Sybil flicked her tongue against the other woman's clit, and moaning Elena egged her on.

Finally, Elena glanced at me and said in a throaty whisper, "Your wife is fucking hot."



Remembering my forgotten duties, I triggered the panties again, rewarding Sybil's efforts with some sweet vibrations. My wife's moans were muffled by Elena's juicy pussy.

"Oh yeah, keep going, baby," I said, stroking my wife's back.

Meanwhile, Elena told her, "Oh fuck, that's good. Mmm, get those fingers in my pussy while you lick my clit."

My wife's oral and manual talents have never ceased to amaze me during our routine sex life. But watching her dine on Elena was divine. I cranked up the panties and then left the vibe on, waiting to see who would be the first to cry out climactically.

Both women were soon on the verge of massive orgasms. I couldn't help myself. I unzipped my trousers and gave my cock one good stroke.

Sybil's legs gave out as she started to lose control, but ultimately it was Elena who came first. Seconds later, my wife's finale hit, and it was grand. Her overflowing pussy juices escaped the panties and ran down her thigh.

"Oh God," Sybil panted. "That was incredible."

"Seconded." Elena pulled Sybil up into a kiss. "Your husband told me you haven't

eaten pussy since college. Let me tell you, you've still got it, hon."

While the women caught their breath and regrouped, I finished undressing.

"Can I take off my panties now?" Sybil asked me.

"You sure can," I told her.

"Here, let me," interjected Elena, who expertly peeled off the cutting-edge undies.

My wife's cunt was still visibly soaked and swollen with arousal.

"What a beauty," I marveled, before leaning down and kissing Sybil.

"Elena and I took careful turns plunging our dicks in and out of her holes and fell into an easy rhythm."

Elena fingered Sybil's nearest nipple and teased, "Spread those pretty pink lips, and show us how wet your fuckhole is. I think it still needs tending to."

Sexy Sybil reached down and parted her tender folds for our scrutiny.

"Did you bring the other toy we talked about?" I asked Elena, who nodded and stood to retrieve her purse. Inside, she had a strap-on dildo that was roughly the same size and thickness as my cock. She showed it to my wife, and then began to put it on. Our date was overjoyed as she buckled herself in for the ride of a lifetime.

"What do you think, baby?" I asked my wife. "You want us both at the same time, or do you want us to take turns?"

"Together!" Sybil gushed.

With that, my wife got on her knees and began a tandem blowjob, switching between my real-life dick and the strap-on. Elena obviously loved being a top as she encouraged my wife to swallow down inch after inch. We took turns fucking Sybil's face until both my dick and the toy were slick with spit. But that didn't really matter because I'd come prepared with plenty of lube.

"How do you want to do this?" Elena asked, playing with Sybil's hair. "I bet you're

incredible at riding dick.”

Blushing Sybil said, “I want you to fuck my pussy face-to-face, so our tits can squish against each other.”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that,” Elena replied. “And Nick? Are you gonna drill your slutty wife’s asshole?”

“With pleasure,” I said. “I know she’s gonna love this.”

“You better believe it,” Sybil chimed in. “Hurry up, both of you. I’m so fucking horny.”

“Better not keep her waiting,” Elena added. She lay down and lubed up the strap-on, and Sybil slithered onto the dildo while I slathered her backdoor. After a few adjustments, Elena and I soon had my double-stuffed girl happily sandwiched between us.

Elena and I took careful turns plunging our dicks in and out of her holes and fell into an easy rhythm. As we fucked her, Sybil and Elena kissed, and there was much nipple-pinching and moaning.

I knew Sybil was close to orgasm when I felt her muscles clenching around my cock. She moaned frantically into Elena’s

mouth before breaking the kiss and gasping, “Fuck! Yes! Oh God, Nick. This is just so fucking good!”

From there, it didn’t take long for Sybil to come again—and we’re talking full-body, earthquake-level convulsions. After Elena and I pulled out of my satisfied wife, my girl insisted I give our new friend some attention.

We rounded out the night with me fucking Elena doggy-style, while Sybil licked and stroked her clit.

All told, Sybil and I can’t wait for our next threesome, which should be sooner rather than later as we’re going to an adult resort in the Bahamas this spring!

—N.P., Miami, Fla.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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